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By Hans Habe

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By Major Alexander P. de Seversky

The American Mercury

APRIL 1942



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TABLE OF CONTENTS

NUMBER
220

April, 1942

This Is Defeat!	Hans Habe	391
Detroit — City for Victory	Jack Weeks and John Tebbel	403
When Will America Be Bombed?	Major Alexander P. de Seversky	412
Cock Fighting in Florida	Edward Jerome Vogeler	422
Jesse Jones: Pawnbroker to the World	William Bradford Huie	429
Your Food in War Time	Millard C. Faught	437
This Is My Own, <i>A Poem</i>	Jesse Stuart	444
The Men Who Rule Japan	William Henry Chamberlin	450
STATE OF THE UNION	Eugene Lyons	461
A Partin' in Smoky Holler, <i>A Story</i>	May Kennedy McCord	465
American Prophet of Total War	Valeriu Marcu	473
What's Your Fee, Doctor?	Miles Atkinson, M.D.	479
THE THEATRE:		
<i>Theatre Like Peanuts</i>	George Jean Nathan	485
POETRY:		
I. Correction	Lewette B. Pollock	411
II. Grief	Robert P. Tristram Coffin	495
DOWN TO EARTH:		
<i>The Toad</i>	Alan Devoe	491
THE LIBRARY:		
<i>Proletarian Novelists, Old and New</i>	Max Eastman	496
CHECK LIST		501
OPEN FORUM		504
CONTRIBUTORS		508
RECORDED MUSIC		510
CARTOONS BY A. SZYK AND S. STEINBERG	402, 421, 443, 472, 478, 484, 503	

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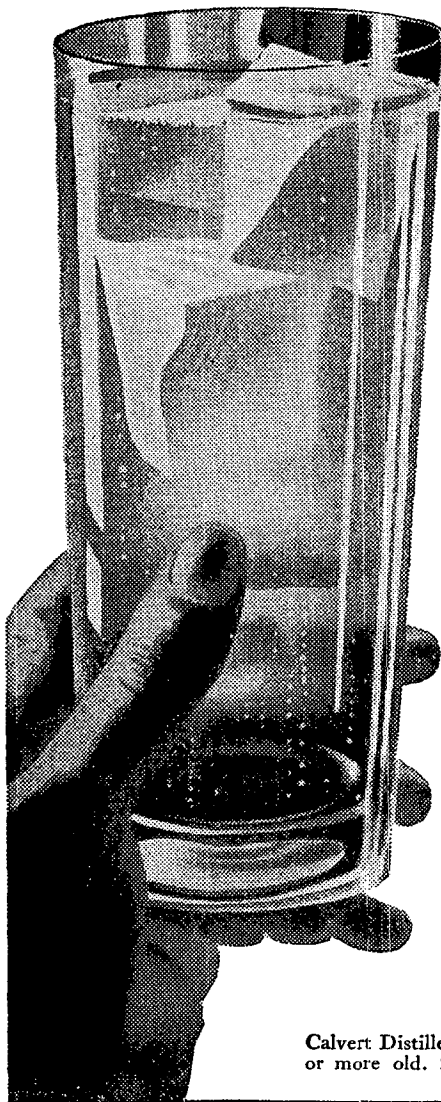
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The American MERCURY

THIS IS DEFEAT!

BY HANS HABE

IN October 1918 I was only a boy, but I can still recall the jubilant mood that prevailed in my native Budapest during those sunny autumnal days. The war between the Allies and Hungary was over. A merry, singing crowd thronged the streets of the Danubian city. Women threw flowers from the windows of the tall new houses on the Pest side. The red, white and green flag flew from the roof of Buda's ancient palace. What had happened? Had Hungary won the war? Nothing of the sort. Hungary had been defeated and the people knew that somber days were ahead. They were not celebrating victory — they were celebrating peace. They were celebrating the life which would return, even in a defeated land.

Twenty-two years later, the world saw another vanquished city: Paris. On June 21, 1940, Paris was like a morgue. German military cars rolled up the dead Champs Élysées. Prussian horses galloped under the Arc de Triomphe. A pall of despair hung over the deserted, silenced streets of a dead city.

Budapest 1918 and Paris 1940 — two symbolic cities. In the first World War, defeat did not mean the end of life, it meant the end of war. In the second World War, the defeat of a country means the defeat of every single inhabitant of the country. The first World War was a conflict between nations. The second World War is a struggle between slaveholders and free men of all nations: the country that loses it has sold its sons into slavery.

From habit we still talk about nations, when we should talk about human beings. And our moral senses are drugged by these generalizations and by statistics. When we speak of 1,300,000 French prisoners, the digits and the zeroes somehow conceal the 1,300,000 individual men who are starved, who sleep on the ground, who have not seen their wives for months, who suffer agonies and humiliations and die like flies. When we read that forty thousand children are dying of hunger in conquered Greece, a cold shudder creeps up our spine. But only for a moment or two, then we go on eating, listening to music, making love.

Are we therefore unfeeling monsters? No. Only the victims of statistics and habit, which amounts to the same thing. Of the words "forty thousand children," we retain only the number and forget the real children, who collapse in the streets, who stagger about with bloated stomachs and parched white lips, too weak to cry for bread. These children, the French soldiers, the once free people of Singapore and Oslo, Manila and Belgrade, are mortally sick, beyond the ministrations of any ordinary physician. *They are dying of defeat.* No plague has ever raged with greater fury than this new plague

whose name is defeat. What it destroys cannot be expressed in square miles or total figures, for it destroys individual people — people like you and me and your neighbors — many millions of single and unstatistical human beings.

Its ravages, like the ravages of other diseases, can best be expressed in "case histories."

I was told the following story by Spaak, the Belgian Foreign Minister.

The Van de Castel family of Mont-sur-Marchienne, near Charleroi, was one of the hundred thousand families which were sure that "nothing would happen to them" in the event of a German victory. The Van de Castels had been living in Belgium for many centuries. Emile van de Castel was a well-to-do *rentier* who lived in a fine house, cultivated his garden and never worried about anything. The invasion of his country by the Germans and the tragedy of his king grieved him, but he became accustomed to his grief. "If one does not happen to be a Jewish banker," he would say in his own circle, "one can get along with the Germans." He went on trimming his roses, reading Baudelaire's poems to his wife, and playing with his ten-year-old son, whom he loved above all

else. The defeat had not reached him.

Came April 10, 1941. It was exactly eleven months since the invasion of Belgium. Van de Castel's house was situated near a railroad crossing guarded by German soldiers. He had become accustomed to seeing them; some of the soldiers replied to his greetings. For that reason, Van de Castel did not know that he was defeated. Then, on that April 10, 1941, his only son Maurice was brought home dead. The handsome, blond boy had been shot in the head. Blood was pouring from his mouth. Somebody had put a newspaper over his face.

Maurice had been playing near the railroad tracks with three other children. The German soldiers ordered them to go away. The other children were four, five and six years old. Maurice, being ten, felt it was his duty to protect them. A German soldier kicked the five-year-old girl.

"You are a savage Hun!" cried Maurice, beside himself with fury.

The soldiers grabbed him, put him against a tree, and without bothering to bandage his eyes, shot him. Then, without any explanation, they brought his corpse to his father's house. The whole scene took place only a hundred yards from the place where, twenty-five

years earlier, the Germans had shot Yvonne Vieslet, a seven-year-old girl, for having given bread to a French prisoner.

The broken-hearted father rushed to Brussels. He wrote letters and sent telegrams. He demanded retribution. He adjured the German governor to receive him and hear his complaint. But nothing happened. The same soldiers continued guarding the crossing. Emile van de Castel, who had grown years older in one week, did not greet them any more. They smiled when he passed. He gritted his teeth. He had learned the meaning of defeat.

Here is the case of the Hollander Roermond. Carl Roermond was the owner and director of the largest radio station in Utrecht. He was a man in his fifties, self-assured, slow-moving and honest. He never missed a social gathering, was a member of the city council, and paid his taxes the day before they were due. He loved Holland because it was his native land.

He had no sympathy for the Germans. As councillor, he voted against the building of dams at the German-Dutch frontier, but only because he thought that the non-aggression pact protected Holland better than dams. He thought and said that one should be "objective"

with regard to the Germans, who, after all, were also human beings. Twice a week he permitted German broadcasts on his station. He appointed the German engineer Peter von Western as one of his managers. On the Dutch national holiday, he wore an orange ribbon in his buttonhole. At the movies, when the Queen appeared in the newsreel, he clapped his solid, broad hands.

After the outbreak of war between France and Germany, the Ministry of the Interior asked him to put certain hours on his station at the government's disposal for propaganda broadcasts. Carl Roermond sent a courteous letter in reply. "Long live Holland!" he wrote. But he must refuse, with many regrets, to give his facilities to the state. He pointed out how many gulden he would lose by allowing the government to broadcast three times a week free of charge. Besides, he added, Holland was neutral and had no need for propaganda. Yours truly and patriotically. On May 9, 1940, our radio director showed the government's request to the city councillors of Utrecht. "We pay enough taxes," he declared solemnly. "Must we, in addition, make gifts to the government?" The councillors said he was right. Carl Roermond drank

a glass of beer with his colleagues and went home.

He slept the deep sleep of a man with a clear conscience. He awoke at seven, one hour earlier than usual. He glanced at his watch in annoyance and started to turn over for another little nap. But the noise of airplanes was so insistent that he decided to get up. He went out on the balcony in his long night-shirt. The sky was black with planes. And Carl Roermond could hear the first bomb explosions.

At nine in the morning, when he entered his radio station, the elevator boy greeted him with lowered eyes. His secretary, who used to jump up whenever Roermond entered the room, was sitting with his legs on the table, smoking a cigar. The director pushed open the door of his private office. At his own large, glass-covered desk, the German engineer Peter von Western was seated. "We have taken over all vital industries and public institutions," he said. "But you may go home unmolested," he added graciously.

Roermond staggered down the stairs. Bombers were still cruising over the city. Explosions could be heard from all directions. The horizon was red with the fires of burning villages.

Shortly before the United States

became involved in the war, Carl Roermond, now penniless, asked for an American visa. He received it too late. Otherwise, he might have been able to come here and tell what happens to people who are "objective" toward a plague.

The Hungarian doctor, Endre Kovacs, paid me a visit a few weeks ago at my home in West Point. He comes of an old Hungarian family; I think our great-grandfathers came from the same village. A few years ago, Dr. Kovacs was the director of one of the sections of the János-Korház hospital in Budapest. Two years ago, he married one of the most beautiful women in Hungary. They were as happy as human beings can be. Dr. Kovacs was not interested in politics. He lived his own very private life. When he was told that Nazism and Fascism were not political doctrines but an attempt to revolutionize the world, he only smiled: "All that is politics! I don't want to listen to politics. . . ."

For a few months, his hospital had been filled with German soldiers. The wounded from the Russian front, by Hitler's orders, were being taken to Norway, Hungary and Czechoslovakia rather than Germany. Dr. Kovacs treated them as he would have treated any

other sick men. He regarded the German wounded as the guests of Hungary. He knew that a German had been appointed Commissioner of the hospital, but considered this a "technical" measure.

One evening Dr. Kovacs was urgently summoned home. His wife had suffered an attack of acute appendicitis. There was imminent danger of peritonitis. Every minute was precious. Dr. Kovacs realized that his wife had to be operated on within two hours. He called up his hospital.

"Please reserve a room for my wife," he said to the nurse.

"Just a minute!" she replied.

"But there isn't a minute to lose!"

The nurse returned to the telephone. "I am sorry, Doctor," she said. "No room is free."

"I don't understand. This is Dr. Endre Kovacs speaking!"

"I know, Doctor. But we have instructions. All rooms must be kept free for German soldiers."

"Then give me a bed."

"I am sorry, but there is not even a bed."

Dr. Kovacs called up the director of the hospital. In the adjoining room, his wife was groaning with pain. The director got in touch with the German Commissioner. After a few minutes, which seemed an

eternity to Dr. Kovacs, the director rang him.

"I am sorry, my friend. You can imagine my despair at being obliged to tell you this. But I was unable to obtain the necessary permit."

"Then my wife must die?"

"We are a defeated country."

Dr. Kovacs remained speechless. A defeated country? What had that to do with his wife? He tried three other hospitals, the heads of which he knew well. He received the same reply everywhere. "Reserved for the German Army."

Finally, he resolved on a course of desperation. He brought his wife to the hospital and performed the operation himself. During the operation, he asked to speak with the German Commissioner. After negotiations that took several hours, he obtained a bed for his wife.

But this was only the beginning of the tragedy. Two or three weeks after that terrible night, the physician was suddenly forbidden to visit his wife. His protests proved of no avail. He simply could not see his wife. A few days later, he received a letter from her in which she asked for a divorce and indicated her intention of marrying the German Commissioner. I saw that letter. Dr. Kovacs brought it to America. I could sense from the

first line that it was written under duress. Dr. Kovacs had to agree to a divorce. He never saw his wife again.

I did not recognize this man, once so young, fresh and dynamic, when he entered my room in America. Defeat had rotted his life and broken his spirit.

II

I have picked three episodes out of three hundred million. They happen in many countries, to various kinds of people, on different social levels. But this they all have in common: to all, defeat has come overnight, unexpectedly, without any preparation. Such is the nature of this plague. And this, too, they have in common: that when about to be overtaken, all were certain it could not happen to them. To Poles — but not to Frenchmen. To Frenchmen — but not to Greeks. To Greeks — but not to Americans. The world is full of people who are certain that they — and they alone — are immune to the Hitler bacillus that brings the awful death of defeat. It may strike their country, their province, even their street, but not themselves. What have shopkeepers and dentists, factory hands and housewives to do with politics and ideologies?

Madame Sztarynska was one of the most famous singers of the Warsaw opera. She had often made guest appearances in Vienna, Paris, Salzburg, Rome. The last time I saw her in Paris, a few weeks after the Munich tragedy, she had just come from Dresden where she had sung in *Traviata*. How could she, as a Pole, sing for the Nazis, I asked her. She looked at me with wide, astonished eyes. "Why not?" she said. "I am not concerned with political matters."

"Has Hitler to do only with politics, Madame Sztarynska?"

"Ekh, I am an artist," the beautiful woman shrugged her shoulders.

What she said made as much sense as if she had exclaimed, "I am an artist. I am not concerned with typhus epidemics." But I said nothing. We talked of her success in Dresden.

"Herr Goebbels came to see me in my dressing room," the singer chattered. "I really do believe the Germans are our friends. At least, my friends."

I thought to myself: "She might as well say, 'I received a delegation of disease-bearing microbes. They assured me they had nothing against me.'" But again I was silent.

After the occupation of Poland, I heard that Madame Sztarynska

sang at the reopening of the Warsaw opera. Generals and colonels of the army of occupation were in the audience. Hitler seemed to have nothing against Verdi. Perhaps, I thought, I did well not to speak when I last saw the singer in Paris. Only a year later did I hear the rest of the story. The setting was almost frivolous: a dress shop in Paris.

Madame Sztarynska came to Paris as she had done in the past, to replenish her wardrobe, as though nothing had happened in the meantime. She went to the *couturier* whom she had patronized for ten years. She asked to see the latest models. Another woman was sitting beside her, a tall blonde with a flat nose and coarse features. The singer paid no attention to her, though Madame Lanvin, the owner of the salon, was making a great fuss over her. The Pole finally selected three dresses and asked to have them sent to her hotel quickly. She was in a hurry to return to Warsaw. Just then the blonde woman rose.

"I will take two of these dresses," said she in broken French.

"But I have just bought them," Madame Sztarynska protested.

The tall blonde looked at her with a smile. "You will have to choose other dresses."

The opera singer called for Madame Lanvin. But the latter did not dare say a word. Then the singer's temper flared up. "How dare you behave like this?" she cried. The other woman remained unmoved. Still the singer protested. Suddenly, the blonde with the flat nose raised her white-gloved hand and struck the singer in the face with all her strength.

"This will show you who I am!" she said, and walked out.

Madame Sztarynska was arrested in her hotel the same afternoon. She never sang again. No one knows what happened to her. The blonde with the white gloves is still Madame Lanvin's customer. Her name is Frau Hermann Göring.

In the annals of the plague, only a line or two can be devoted to Torsten Hartman and his barber shop in Oslo. What happened to him and his three fine sons is of importance only to themselves.

In April 1940, master barber Hartman and his sons worked in their shop. All three of the boys were of military age, but old Torsten managed to save them from military service. The oldest was exempted because of nearsightedness. The second son was declared by his father to be "indispensable." The third was nine-

teen years old. He was registered for military duty, but his age class was to be called to the colors only in the event of great danger, and he did not enlist. Torsten decided that there was no "great danger." Norway had always been neutral and would remain neutral. Why take a gun when one knows how to ply a razor?

The day of the German invasion of Norway, two of Hartman's sons wanted to put themselves at the disposal of their country. But old Hartman thought that there were enough people to defend the country; it could do without his three sons. After all, people have to have their hair cut, even in wartime. Life, he said, must go on.

In June 1940, Oslo was occupied by German troops. Here is a brief summary of the fate of the Hartmans after that date. Nineteen-year-old Henrik joined Quisling's "volunteers" and was killed on the Russian front. The Germans did not consider him too young. Hjalmar, the second son, was drafted for road building on the Norwegian-Swedish frontier. He breaks stones and drags heavy cross-beams. In his free time, he is allowed to shave the German overseers. Helmer, the oldest son, is just as nearsighted as ever. His eyes have never been re-examined. But

his father is unable to use him in his business. He said some imprudent words about the Quisling government in a tavern. This took place in January, 1941. For six months he waited in an Oslo jail to be sentenced. But he was never even interrogated before he was sent to a German concentration camp.

I do not know what happened to the father of the three, Torsten Hartman. His shop is for sale. Perhaps he is still alive. The broken old man has probably understood that this war is more than a war between nations. Paradoxical as it may seem, this world-embracing and gigantic conflict is a "private affair." A private affair which happens to concern a few hundred million people.

III

In the last two years, I have added almost daily to my case histories of defeat, like a physician recording symptoms and the progress of the disease in specific patients. I shall pick a few cards from that record.

In my Czech file, I find the name of the waiter Jaroslav Burian. He saw the German columns marching through Prague. He saw Hitler in an armored car driving up the Hradsin. But he did not grasp the meaning

of defeat. He did not know that the conquered not only must not speak, but also must not listen. He was in the habit of listening to broadcasts of dance music from the Savoy in London. When the news was broadcast, he turned off his radio. He thought that was enough. He did not take the posted placards of the conqueror very seriously. A neighbor denounced him and he was executed in Prague. He was just one more of the many thousands of victims of the 150,000 German soldiers and 120,000 Gestapo agents stationed in Czechoslovakia today.

In my French file, I find the name of one Antoinette Grevier, owner of the Café Régence in Dijon. She refused to believe that her country's defeat could affect her intimately. She refused to believe it before five different *Kommandanturs* installed themselves in Dijon. She even refused to believe it afterwards. The Germans drank beer at her Régence and paid "correctly," though in occupation marks. A few months later, Antoinette Grevier was suddenly arrested. She had given a letter addressed to her mother to a traveler going to unoccupied France. The "field *Kommandantur*" disliked a few passages in this letter. Antoinette Grevier, who did not suspect that a defeat affects even let-

ter writing, is today in a concentration camp in Poland.

In my Dutch file, I find the case history of a Monsignor Johannes van Doren, a clergyman. He never preached a "political" sermon. He maintained that Germany and Nazism did not concern him. I do not know whether he ever thought of the possibility of defeat. At any rate, he intended to remain a servant of God even after defeat. He did not know that defeat meant the end of religion. He learned it. On August 28, 1941, representatives of the German army of occupation came to see him. He was the administrator of the "St. Radbound Foundation," and had collected 143,000 guildens. The German representatives demanded that this money be turned over to the army of occupation and the Hitler Youth. The priest refused. According to a pastoral letter signed by the bishops of Breda, Bois-le-Duc and Haarlem, Monsignor Johannes van Doren has been missing ever since, and his money, too.

In my Danish file, I find the name of twenty-year-old Olaf Kristiansen, who committed suicide. He was one of those Danes who was certain that Denmark would never be attacked, and therefore could never be defeated.

He was in love with an Austrian Jewish girl. After the German occupation of Vienna, he went boldly to that city with his Danish passport and married the girl he loved. She was a journalist who had written against the Germans. With the help of his Danish passport, he brought her to his native city. On the day of the German occupation of Copenhagen, Mrs. Kristiansen was arrested. Olaf was not allowed to see her again unless he agreed to divorce her. He refused. After vain attempts to save his wife, he shot himself. He had not known that defeat means the end of love.

In my Belgian file, Jean Bourquin is one among many scores of names. He was among the millions in all countries who do not grasp that in wartime one cannot do business as usual. Jean Bourquin manufactured chocolate. His name was heard for the first time when, in December 1939, France lodged a protest with the Belgian government against Bourquin's refusal to sell chocolate to the French Army. Bourquin declared that he manufactured *de luxe* candy and that army supplies were not in his line. His factory was one of the first to be occupied by the Germans and taken over as "vital." The German commandant of Brussels fixed an arbitrary price for the factory,

which Jean Bourquin received in occupation marks. He is out of business.

In my Greek file, I find the name of the teacher Nicola Bibica of Athens. He was an honest man and a good teacher. He did not suspect that defeat would not merely change the history of the last twenty years, but that of the last two thousand years. He was one of the seventeen thousand Greeks executed in Athens. He had refused to burn the old Greek textbooks. He had continued to teach Greek history as he had been doing for thirty years. The son of a Greek Quisling discovered allusions to contemporary history in Bibica's lectures — parallels between the barbarian Persians of antiquity and the barbarian Germans of today. Nicola Bibica paid with his life for his failure to understand that the plague of defeat destroys even the past history of a nation.

In my Yugoslav file, I find the record of a woman named Milan Radic, the widow of a former Serbian ambassador. She belonged to Belgrade's "fifteen families," to "high society." Hence, she believed that she was immune to the disease of defeat which, so she thought, strikes only the "lower classes." She was a fine, charitable lady. She had not expected the de-

feat. When the Red Cross published the first lists of Yugoslav prisoners, she organized a station for sending packages to prisoners in her house, which had been the scene of brilliant social gatherings. Toward the end of November 1941, she was arrested because soap was discovered in her packages. Immediately after the occupation of Belgrade, the Germans had requisitioned all the stores of soap. She had not suspected that defeat means not only the end of eating, of business, of social life, but also the end of charity.

Do these examples suffice? Perhaps you have not recognized yourself in any of these case histories. But you are in the files, you may be sure. There is a card for the man or the woman who most closely approximates your station, your mind, your calling, your inner certainty of immunity. If you could recognize the identity, you would be shocked into the awareness that America must have victory. For every apathetic American, there is a European or Asiatic in the hell of defeat as a warning. For every American woman who believes that "life goes on as usual," there is a European mother, sister or lover who has no more tears to weep. Americans have no excuse for not

knowing. The plague of defeat is spread under their eyes.

They have no excuse for the delusion that defeat is a national catastrophe. It is a personal catastrophe. When it strikes, you cannot speak as before, nor listen to what you would like to hear. You can neither write nor read except what the slaveholder commands. You cannot manufacture or trade as was your lifelong wont. You dare

not love what has been given to you to love. You cannot choose the profession or the place of residence or the ideas which suit you best. You must educate your children according to alien precepts. Your most cherished traditions, your heroes and stirring childhood songs are revised and humiliated. You may no longer eat, drink or breathe like a free human being.

And this is defeat!



"German soldiers will never leave Russian soil!"

► *A miracle of industrial genius
which is bad news for the Axis.*

DETROIT—CITY FOR VICTORY

BY JACK WEEKS AND JOHN TEBBEL

DETROIT grew out of the windy Michigan wilderness at the strategic point where the British Empire confronts America's rich midwestern belly across the busiest river in the world. Detroit grew there — grew until it got to be the nation's fourth city, got to be a sprawling, cocky, big little town with delusions of grandeur. America knew it as the center of automobile production; Detroit knew itself as the real national capital. No Detreater was surprised, therefore, when hard-pressed Washington turned to the City of Champions and said: "Give us the most, the biggest, the best, the fastest weapons of war in the world." "Okay," Detroit said.

Almost as casually as that, Detroit undertook to rewrite mass production history, scrap its four-billion-dollar-a-year auto industry and create on the ashes an entirely new, incredibly larger producing machine able and certain to revolutionize the world's future.

Today the job is well started. It is moving so rapidly that the

closely-guarded details of production are obsolete from one week to the next. All that anyone knows for sure is this: by the end of the year, the reconverted automobile industry, supplemented by tremendous new plants, will be turning out the planes, tanks and other munitions that President Roosevelt has called for, and at the speed essential for victory. The figures are breathtaking: at least \$675,000,000 worth of matériel from Chrysler in 1942; total employment of a million or more persons in the major auto companies; eleven miles of runways at Ford's great Willow Run bomber plant, the world's biggest building, out of which planes will roll at a speed hitherto unknown to the aircraft industry. These statistics are only a sweet sample of the kind Detroit deals in today.

In the process of becoming the arsenal of democracy, a phrase already fragrant on the tongues of civic-priders, the city has had its face lifted — again. This is a phenomenon which has been re-

peated many times in Detroit's history, never to such a profound degree as is happening now, but so often that it has given a restless tone to the metropolis, a tone reflected in its proud self-designation as Detroit the Dynamic.

Since the French established it as a convenient place to trade with the Indians, Detroit has been fighting for its place in the world. The English took the settlement over from the French as one kind of imperialism gave way to another, but then the English were forced to defend their acquisition against the last great stand of the united Indian nations. And the community was a battleground again in the War of 1812. Only later, when the tide of empire rolled westward, did Detroit enjoy a peaceful interlude. It became a nice, friendly place; the citizens called it the city of homes, the city beautiful, the city of trees.

Then came the automobile and Detroit changed with bewildering suddenness, like a male child leaping from dreamy boyhood to raucous adolescence. The city beautiful became the city dynamic. Lovely rows of elms gave way to automobile sales agencies, packed solidly into block after block. Factories materialized on what had been farms and woodlands. All

around them grew the ugly, monotonous frame houses where the factory workers were to live, and which soon became uniformly gray and horrible except where some temporarily prosperous immigrant chose to make a dwelling even more horrible by painting it solid orange, or purple trimmed with green.

Detroit today is a city where such neighborhoods literally crowd up against the backyards of fine homes. It grew so fast and haphazardly that it encircled two other cities — Highland Park and rough, tough Hamtramck. Its two-million-odd population separated into little communities held together by racial ties, or by common employment, all of them linked by the straight-as-string highways which split up the city into segments like a giant pie.

The Middle Europeans came and the hillbillies came and the Negroes. British factory workers arrived early and constituted themselves as the aristocracy of labor. Most families in Detroit bought cars. Those who could afford it bought summer cottages on the myriad lakes near the metropolis. The town soon had the highest per capita ownership of automobiles of any large city in the world; its people got the habit of driving a

long way to work. And that was the beginning of its cockiness: before long, Detroit claimed to hold the record in practically anything you could mention. Detroit had more Poles than any city outside of Warsaw; there were more Southerners than in any but the largest cities of the South; there were enough Negroes to create a race problem; there were more British Canadians than in any place outside the Empire. And more cars were made there than in the rest of the world put together; more industrial chemicals manufactured; more drugs. . . . It reached a logically stupendous climax one year: the city's biggest department store, one of the biggest in the United States, boasted that it had the biggest American flag in the country.

Detroit was a sporting town. Ty Cobb made it the best baseball community in the nation. While other cities gloomed through the depression, Detroit bloomed as the City of Champions: Joe Louis was the champion fighter, the Tigers were the champion baseball team, the Red Wings won the hockey championship, the Lions were professional football champions, and the University of Michigan's Wolverines (adopted) were hailed as the Champions of the West, whether

they won or not. Proud Detroit even claimed the nation's champion checker player.

Over and above all other natural wonders rose the miracle of mass production. Detroiters considered themselves the exclusive custodians of this overpowering phenomenon; every man, woman and child in the community came to consider himself a production expert by natural heritage. And no after-dinner speaker would dare proceed ten words beyond "Mr. Chairman, distinguished guests, ladies and gentlemen" without paying his respects to the city's unparalleled production genius.

No wonder, then, that Detroit declared war some little time ahead of the rest of the country as soon as people realized that it would be a mechanized, motorized war. "Give us the tools," Winston Churchill declared, "and we will finish the job." There was talk then in the nation's press about America, the arsenal of democracy, but Detroit just snickered at such presumptuousness. The citizenry was prepared to recognize that outside the Detroit area — including Flint, Pontiac, Dearborn, River Rouge, Ecorse, Wyandotte, Lincoln Park, Highland Park and Hamtramck — the rest of the United States might mine a little coal, make a spot of

steel and engage in some transportation, principally of Detroit products, but aside from that, it was regarded tolerantly as a sort of large farm given over exclusively to the nourishment of Detroit workers.

It was an unpleasant shock when the British purchasing mission asked mighty Detroit for airplanes. Detroit had no airplanes — no tanks, no guns, nothing of any value in a world at war except the untapped facilities of the world's greatest industrial plants. It took some time for the truth to sink in, precious days which were wasted by all hands concerned in fruitless debate and quarreling, but Pearl Harbor restored everybody's perspective. Detroit peeled off its coat, rolled up its sleeves, and got to work at last.

II

The job Detroit is doing today is one of the truly great stories of our time. The Era of Autos ended in a plaintive diminuendo of sound as the assembly lines stopped — there was a pause and a period of struggle — then the Era of Airplanes began. Naturally, the plants prepared to make more than airplanes, but the shape of things to come was clearly evident. Meanwhile, the conver-

sion process moved ahead at surprising speed, considering that mental processes had to be changed, as well as machines. Some industrialists moved into action reluctantly and there were heartbreaking delays (not completely overcome even yet) before the now-obsolete assembly lines could be re-equipped for tanks and bombers.

All in all, the job has been a story of relentless driving for materials, for construction speed, the whole synchronized with night and day research on the thing to be made when the building has been made. Already, Ford engineers have improved on aircraft-building processes and reduced the time of big operations from hours to minutes. That's what counts at a time like this. It counts enough to make up for red tape, selfish interests, short-sightedness and over-confidence.

Wartime secrecy makes a detailed telling of Detroit's production story undesirable, but here are some well-disguised samplings:

While a large part of the industry was still talking, one auto plant went to work and in a year had converted an empty field into a factory which now produces airplane engines of a type which has already helped to beat the *Luftwaffe*. This was the kind of a job it was: a

factory had to be built and equipped; three thousand new machines were needed. Not a one of the machines used in the plant's automobile processes could be used for the airplane motor. It cost eighteen million dollars for machines, fourteen million more for tools. Men had to be trained to make the transition from the British metric system to our decimal system, all the while dealing with clearances of $1/10,000$ of an inch. Today, at least six thousand more men are making these motors than were employed at the peak of the automobile days, and by August 1, the auto figure will be more than doubled. In January alone, more of these motors were built than in all of 1941.

Another big auto plant is building large cannon. Still another is at work on Bofors guns. A parts plant, once the scene of bitter labor disputes, turns out machine guns now. One plant produces several varieties of rolling stock: trucks, ambulances, jeeps and peeps. Another plant is producing tanks at a secret, but impressive, rate. That rate, auto people say, is far ahead of the speed in non-auto plants where the same type is built. Powered with an air-cooled aircraft engine, these tanks will go lickety-split, and that's about as much as

the War Department will let anybody say about their speed. Their fuel capacity is based on the Ordnance Department's belief that a tank should run from sunup to sundown without having to stop at a filling station.

A small-parts plant has been called upon to make artillery materials. Another supply plant is making shells. Still another parts factory makes soldiers' helmets. One auto plant turns out Navy material and the tail ends of bombers. A domestic appliance company is at work on gas masks.

All this is a sample of the miracle Detroit has wrought. The effect of the miracle on Detroit is another story, the grim tale of a city turned inside out, struggling to solve human problems far more difficult than the familiar ones of production.

Take the tough priorities problem. Two out of every three employed persons in Detroit are employed in manufacturing and there are six hundred industrial concerns whose payrolls range from fifty workers to five thousand. A considerable number of the smaller industrial employers, who were not so quick on the uptake or were simply unlucky, collapsed under the pressure of the earlier priorities chaos. Wiser, or luckier, ones be-

gan reaping fortunes from the very earliest days of the war boom. Only now has the government's system of priorities and purchases begun to function effectively, putting all but a few industries back in production, or at least leaving them relatively sure of contracts.

But non-industrial and non-essential businesses expect to take a terrible beating in some fields. Detroit is a city on wheels and consequently there is an inordinately large number of sales agencies, garages, gasoline stations, tire shops and dealers in parts and repair tools. No one likes to think what will become of them when the private automobile slowly disappears.

Right now, too, possibly 250,000 auto workers are unemployed until war production hits its stride — maybe in a few months, maybe a year — and there is no prospect of anything but the dole to tide the men over. Such vast unemployment, more or less familiar already in the shape of seasonal lay-offs, is particularly discouraging now to the auto worker who has to pay income taxes for the first time and fight the rising cost of living — not an easy chore even when he's working.

Another problem, more immediate, is transportation. People who

live in other cities find it difficult to appreciate Detroit's crisis because it is difficult to visualize a population which virtually lives on the wheels of its private cars, and yet contrives in normal times to jam up streetcars and buses. Getting from one place to another in Detroit — as from home to work — can involve at least an hour in your own car, sometimes much longer on an overcrowded transit line. Given these conditions in ordinary circumstances, it is easy to imagine the confusion possible when thousands upon thousands of extra war-workers are added to the normal peak load of 600,000 carried daily by public transit. There is some talk of taking the big double-decker truck-trailers, formerly used in the haulaway of automobiles, and adapting them as strap-hanger buses at a cost of about \$300 each, but that has been criticized as "cattle car" transportation and, unfortunately, it depends also on the availability of tires. A committee appointed to study the problem could think of nothing more practical than to beg Washington for a loosening of restrictions against new buses and parts.

Aside from that, nobody is doing anything about transportation in Detroit. Few people seem able to grasp the hard fact that the city's

whole war production program could bog down for simple lack of facilities to get people from where they live to where they work. The gradual diminishing of tires and cars will make the problem increasingly acute.

III

Another major dilemma in Detroit is housing. The Mayor's committee on this matter reported that 65,000 new units were needed, not counting the requirements at the Willow Run bomber plant, where twenty thousand are needed immediately. The committee's figure was based on estimated employment a year from now. Authorities predict a population increase of more than half a million by the end of the year and no housing figures take into account the possibility that auto and tire curtailment may force vast population shifts within relatively small areas. People who can't get transportation will be forced to live very near their place of work — that's where the two big problems dovetail.

Meanwhile, the modern counterparts of the ugly little houses which sprang up in the era of Detroit's industrial growth are mushrooming once more, beginning where the last era left off and threatening

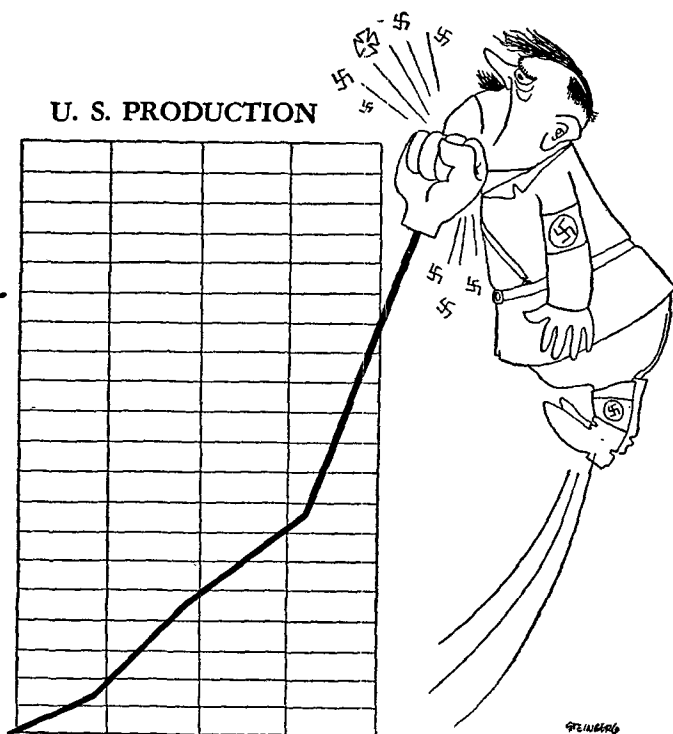
again to spread out and encircle more suburbs. But this time the growth is too fast. Tents, shacks and trailers supplement the houses and set up new problems in public health and public morals. Schools are swamped and some of the country schools (or what were country schools until yesterday) are so crowded with factory workers' kids that the pupils overflow into nearby churches.

However, not many citizens are worried about these perplexing dilemmas. Most Detroiters are too busy piling up overtime, or rushing in and out of conferences, or having a repeated "last fling." As in England, there is growing up a new class of monied youngsters, kids just out of high school earning four times the money their fathers ever saw in one pay envelope. They don't have much opportunity to spend it, but when they find the time, they spend fast and feverishly. Detroit is a city of innumerable little fly-by-night "clubs" where such spending is encouraged. The washroom boy at the reputable Club Congo — Slim Jones, proprietor — says he never saw business any better. And when the liquor commission ordered Mr. Frank Barbaro to close up temporarily his Bowery Cafe, biggest and noisiest night club in the United

States, for selling after hours, many people felt as outraged as the owner. It was as though some finicky authority had padlocked the principal pleasure palace in Nome just as the first prospectors whooped in. Even before Detroit felt called upon to become the arsenal of democracy, there were many evenings at the Bowery when the money came in so fast that Mr. Barbaro himself could hardly stand it.

Like Washington, Detroit has

the "feel" of a boom town. Traffic moves rapidly, everything considered, but restaurants are full and people stand in line outside the big movie houses. Hotels have lost many of their conventions, but they have a brisk new trade in generals, admirals, and big and little industrialists. Advertising has fallen off, but the merchants aren't complaining because the factory workers are making four times as much money as usual and, since they have



no new cars to buy, they are buying everything else in sight.

To look at Detroit — harsh, congested, gasping with the pain of creating a brand new industry on the ruins of an old one — you might imagine that the city's patriotism was of the same brand as its civic pride, boastful because it has the biggest and best of everything. Across the river, Canadian patriotism is the king-and-country kind. Some Detroit merchants capitalize on war slogans for commercial purposes and the busy burlesque houses have sometimes trimmed their strippers with red-white-and-blue bunting. Mr. Barbaro's Bowery even had a patriotic finale in one of his floor shows, which run continuously from seven o'clock until closing, in which his chorus marched around waving large American flags.

But the real Detroit patriotism is solid. It is the patriotism of production. There are few flag-raising ceremonies in public squares, but the Navy's E flag, for excellence, is often raised over factories turning out war goods. And the local enlistment record ranks with the best, in a city which was nearly as isolationist as Chicago prior to Pearl Harbor.

Detroiters simply can't get the depressed, God-save-our-country feeling which characterizes some other American cities. No matter how gloomy the news, cocky Detroit looks at the miracle occurring before its eyes and has faith. Detroit has seen the world rock beneath it before, has lived through booms and depressions without precedent anywhere else, and its war problems today look like just one more river to cross.

CORRECTION

Love is not gentleness and peace,
Not, "Let that be," not "Let that cease."
Love is a stab in the breast, in the groin,
To stiffen the will, to tighten the loin
For the swifter race, for the sterner fate.
Love is a peril akin to hate.

— LEWETTE B. POLLOCK

► *A tentative answer to the question
all Americans are asking today:*

WHEN WILL AMERICA BE BOMBED?

BY MAJOR ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY

THE Office of Civilian Defense called for millions of volunteers for essential anti-air-raid work. In the same week, a highly-placed admiral made light of the possibility of the United States being bombed in force by air. Except perhaps for a "stunt" bombing, he said, the threat was too "remote" to justify us in "dissipating our efforts" in defensive measures.

There we have a fair measure of the confusion in high places on a vital aspect of the war. In effect, America was asked to prepare for aerial bombardment which was not expected to come. Small wonder that the popular mood swings haphazardly between fear and drowsy indifference. The official attitude offers no genuine guidance because our military monitors are themselves, for the most part, confused on aeronautical matters. How can public opinion accept the aviation views of Army and Navy men who tried hard to keep aircraft way down on the priority list for production — even below army trucks — in this air-power war.

In these notes, I hope to clear away a little of the confusion to get at the core of the question of aerial bombardment of the American mainland. Naturally, no one can give a definitive answer. There are too many unknown or half-known factors. What kind of long-range aviation, beyond the types already exhibited in action, do the Germans and the Japanese have in production — and how much of it? What aeronautical surprises are being carefully nurtured by the Axis for sudden release over our unsuspecting heads? As long as such question marks remain, no one can pretend to offer clear-cut forecasts on the timing and the scale of the aerial ordeals that await us.

The gist of what we do know and what it is our duty to face with open eyes is this:

1. *That technically, at the present stage of aviation science, the bombing of the United States across both oceans is entirely possible.* I refer, of course, to direct bombing from land bases, not from aircraft carriers. The prototypes of planes

capable of non-stop transoceanic operations with effective bombloads already exist in this country and in enemy countries.

2. *That the United States will be bombed on a total scale, looking towards a final decision, if and when the Axis is successful in its efforts to isolate America by conquering Europe and Asia.* Real, lasting victory for the fascist nations is impossible as long as this country remains intact — and under present conditions, there is no force which can eliminate us except air power.

3. *That our Atlantic seaboard is open to aerial assault with the existing German aviation equipment if Hitler acquires bases such as Iceland and the Azores, bringing the Atlantic shores of North America within range of his present air power.*

4. *That the United States is the country most vulnerable to destruction from the air.* Because of our great concentrations of vital targets in comparatively small areas, an enemy can do more damage per ton of explosive here than in almost any other part of the world. More industrially primitive nations, like China and Russia, can adjust themselves more readily to aerial attacks than nations dependent on public utilities, continuous communications, electric power, etc., for their day-to-day existence.

The great expanse of the country offers no protection, since its vital organs and population centers are concentrated in a few regions.

The question, it thus appears, is not *whether* we shall be bombed, but merely *when* we shall be bombed. It is important that this more truthful formulation of the problem be brought home to the American people. Much of the apathy in civilian defense effort, for instance, comes from the lack of inner conviction that the danger is real. The element of make-believe that is gumming up our defensive preparations will be eliminated as soon as America realizes that it is exposed to an inevitable attack by hostile air power.

The most harmful tools of fifth columnists in France in the critical years before its fall were those well-meaning folk who underrated the Nazi threat and overrated the Maginot Line. Similarly, today in America, well-meaning civilians as well as military men are unwittingly doing a job for the enemy when, from the depths of their aeronautical ignorance, they underrate the likelihood of air raids on the United States far more devastating than those visited on England.

The talk of "token" bombings and "stunt" or "suicide" raids may

be safely discounted. Strategically, such attacks make no sense; they cannot possibly do enough damage to justify the risk and the investment of equipment. Psychologically, they would be self-defeating, because they would do wonders in stirring up American fighting spirit and unifying the nation. Why should Hitler and the Mikado take the trouble to rouse a sleeping nation?

What the Axis fears most, in relation to the United States, is our launching of a vigorous program of construction on long-range aircraft, planned to strike the enemy at his heart in his own citadel of power. Every stirring of American intelligence in this connection alarms the fascist allies by raising the threat of offensive initiative against them. They want us to remain committed, as long as possible, *exclusively* to a mile-by-mile strategy based on surface lines of communication, sprawled around the entire planet. The more firmly we adhere to "classic" pre-aviation strategic ideas, the more secure Germany and Japan feel in their superiority of position. Operating as they do on interior lines, while we fight on exterior lines, they have a clear tactical advantage which would be cancelled out by a direct aerial strategy on our part.

The Axis knows that sooner or later Americans will awaken to this fact, and will recognize the necessity for direct, long-range aerial warfare. It can only hope to postpone that moment of awakening. I can give no guarantees in this matter, particularly since Germany has made egregious strategic blunders in the past — in the attack on Russia without adequate preparation, for instance. But it seems to me incredible that Hitler should offer us a sample or preview of his long-range bombardment. That, he must know, is the one thing best calculated to break down the prejudice and orthodoxy which now prevent clear thinking and vigorous action here on genuine air power.

When the bombing comes, there is every reason to expect, it will be the real thing. It will be an all-out and continuous aerial attack in full force, carefully prepared to achieve its objective swiftly and completely. With its experience in the Battle of Britain as a warning, Germany this time will not rely on makeshift equipment or mere numerical superiority, but will come geared to force a clear-cut decision in the air.

For eight months the Germans held back their fire, deliberately encouraging the illusion of a

“phony war,” until everything was in readiness for a concentrated attack on the Low Countries and France. It is best to count on the same type of patience and thoroughness in regard to the United States. Dr. Goebbels and his conscious or unwitting friends here will continue to pooh-pooh the idea of direct attack on America from across the ocean, and will industriously encourage unthinking reliance on old-fashioned, mile-by-mile strategy — until everything is set for action. Until then, the Axis is most unlikely to do us the favor of proving that it can be done by indulging in “token” or “stunt” bombings.



The idea of an armada of carriers unloosing swarms of aircraft over our heads is wholly unrealistic. Those alleged experts who evoke this fantasy betray a lack of aeronautic understanding. Even if the Axis possessed the great fleet of carriers, and the greater fleets of convoy naval forces, for the purpose — which it doesn't — the undertaking would be utopian and doomed to failure.

Aircraft carriers are among the most vulnerable vessels afloat. They offer perfect targets for defensive aviation. It is not even essential to sink them. A direct hit on the wide

expanse of deck is enough to destroy a carrier's usefulness, tying up the aircraft on board and stranding the planes which happen to be in the air at the moment. Carriers violate the basic principle of safe air bases in that they represent maximum concentration of planes in a minimum of space, when safety for aircraft on their base depends on dispersion.

Most important, the planes themselves are no match for the defending aviation taking off from the ground. I have gone into the technical reasons for this differential in previous articles in these pages. The limitations imposed on the aircraft by the cramped “air-drome,” the special gadgets necessary for storing of equipment and for operation from a restricted space cut deeply into performance factors as compared with equivalent craft on shore.

The impracticability of large-scale aerial invasion by means of carriers becomes evident on analysis. A direct aerial attack is met by defending fighter aircraft; the bomber command of the invaded area remains dormant on the ground and even offers an additional target for the invader. But when the invasion is brought on aircraft carriers, both the fighter and the bomber strength of the at-

tacked nation are brought into play. The "floating bases" become immediate and relatively easy targets, so that all or nearly all the invading pursuit planes are needed to defend the carriers. The whole procedure is so unwieldy and uneconomical that it would require a gigantic carrier-based invading force to overcome even the limited defensive aviation which we now possess.

After all, carriers are a substitute for range. The Axis will find it vastly cheaper and more expeditious to build range into the equipment itself for direct assault. It should be noted, moreover, that while ordinarily only air power can fight air power, these "floating bases" are vulnerable even to surface and sub-surface naval forces. From every point of view, therefore, carrier-based offensives against our country are ruled out. Individual surprise attacks of the Pearl Harbor type are always possible; any weapon is good enough to hit a sleeping man over the head and finish him off. But in terms of true, continuous strategy, the idea of Axis carrier-based action against our mainland would be cumbersome, costly and foredoomed to failure.

The fact that the Nazis have long been at work on plans for direct aerial attack on North America was clear to me when I inspected

their military aviation just before the war started. *Luftwaffe* spokesmen did not conceal that they were experimenting with "commercial" planes of transoceanic ranges. Influential Nazi airmen even talked to me with enthusiasm about their hopes of expanding the range to its ultimate circumglobular limit of 25,000 miles. We have no way of knowing how far Germany has gone in translating such ideas into actual equipment, but we should be wise not to underestimate German aeronautical research.

Four-engined Focke-Wulfe bombers of the Condor type have, for more than a year, been taking part in the Battle of the Atlantic, preying on Allied shipping at points 1500 miles or more from possible bases on the French or Norwegian coasts. In normal bombing operations against fixed land targets, the attacking aircraft can use up to 80 per cent of their range, leaving a 20 per cent margin for maneuvering and emergency use. But for bombing at sea, involving uncertainties of conditions and location of the target, and long hours of cruising and prowling, much larger margins are necessary. It is therefore reasonable to assume that the bombing planes operating 1500 miles or so from their bases have a total range of around six thousand miles.

It is estimated, on the basis of the number in action as well as on intelligence indications, that Hitler possesses at least a hundred of these great Condor machines. The possibility that the number is much larger, however, must not be overlooked. As things stand today, an attack on the United States with these Condors, even if Germany has enough of them, is not possible. The "reach" is considerably short, as long as they must take off from bases on the European coastline.

The picture would change instantly if Hitler acquired Iceland and could thus bring his bombardment aviation closer to the American objectives. Fortunately, Iceland may be considered safe as long as the British Isles are safe. England stands literally as the most vital barrier to bombardment of the United States.

There is, however, the constant possibility that Hitler might swoop down on Spain and Portugal, making the entire region of the Azores, the Canary and the Cape Verde Islands a Nazi zone. The narrow waters between these islands and the European and African coasts would be forbidden to outsiders by Axis air power. These bases could be continually reinforced and protected by pursuit aviation operat-

ing from primary continental bases. And German planes of the kind now in production, based on these bridgeheads, would be within practical striking distance of our Eastern seaboard.

We should not confuse this possible bombardment of the seaboard with total aerial attack on the United States. It would be, rather, an extension of the Battle of the Atlantic, aiming not at the strategic conquest of America, but at destruction of North American harbor and loading facilities for lend-lease aid to Britain. The Battle of the Atlantic, in other words, would then be fought through its entire expanse, including both the American and European terminals, from on high and from undersea.

On the Pacific side, existing Axis aviation represents a direct menace only against the Aleutian Islands and Alaska. (Whatever Germany possesses in the way of equipment is, presumably, also available to Japan.) Its range would enable Japan to bomb Alaskan outposts, but I doubt that it could do more. Japan could not hold the Alaskan region because it is on our continent and hence a primary base, which we can protect along more convenient interior lines of communication and supply. The Pacific partner of the Axis, like the

Atlantic partner, must construct aviation especially geared for decisive attack on America. Both unquestionably have such aviation planned and possibly under construction, at least in the experimental stage.



The coming all-out bombardment of America as a totality, as distinct from limited bombing from bases like the Azores, will be the inevitable next step after our exclusion from Europe and Asia and our resultant isolation within our own frontiers. Even then, it would await the construction of a long-range aerial force guaranteeing continuity of action to the point of a decision. While aerial attack on the Atlantic coast may become a fact almost at any time, the true aviation offensive is, in my view, a matter of years rather than months.

Our enemies have been far too busy with immediate strategic tasks to spare the productive capacity, the raw materials and the labor power for building the kind of aerial force they need to overcome the United States. The longer they remain thus preoccupied, the longer we remain safe from direct bombardment on a decisive scale — the more time we shall have *to prepare to strike first*.

There are now limits to Nazi-Nipponese productive potentials and strategic possibilities. While neck-deep in vital short-range operations closer home, along relatively short interior lines of communication, they cannot afford to divert industrial capacity and economic substance for the creation of the vast machinery of transoceanic aerial conquest.

In this sense, the far-flung war in which we are taking part across both oceans is a defensive delaying action which heads off bombing of our home grounds. Even defeats are not wholly negative in the longer view. They win time for us — provided that we do not, as heretofore, squander this precious asset by stubborn adherence to fallacious surface strategies. We must use our hard-won time without delay to build the sort of air power we must have for carrying the war directly to the vital centers of enemy fighting strength.

The edge we now have in the matter of production must be exploited immediately, precisely because the Axis is busy in other directions. In the race for long-range transoceanic aviation, we can start now, while the enemy is obliged to concentrate on short-range tools of war. At the civilian end, we now have a breathing spell to organize

and equip anti-air-raid measures to perfection, in order that we may not be obliged to improvise under fire as England had to do. I do not mean that we should proceed right away to hoist balloon barrages. But we must prepare now for the coming bombardment. It is a common sense precaution, not a "dissipation" of effort, as the admiral claimed. Such a complaint, incidentally, comes with ill grace from naval men who do not hesitate to dissipate wealth and energy without restraint on obsolete weapons like battleships scheduled for completion five or six years hence.



Any judgment which rests merely on aeronautic possibilities as of today is short-sighted and hazardous. We must never forget that the "reach" and the strength of air power can be expanded instantly without warning, making "immune" areas instantly vulnerable to annihilation from above. It is a domain of warfare in which time is telescoped. Advances which in other military spheres require years can be made in aviation in months or weeks. Revolution is closer to the nature of this weapon than evolution.

A great improvement in the quality of equipment may alter the balance of forces in the air practi-

cally overnight, regardless of numerical ratios. What if a new fuel, so light and compact that it solves the problem of range, were suddenly developed? What if some new alloy, like beryllium or even lighter, were adapted for aviation use? What if the efficiency of engines were raised to cut down gas consumption to a fraction of the present consumption? Any of these things, and a score of others which might be conceived by a single mind, could yank us suddenly within the striking radius of Axis air power across both oceans and the North Pole.

The amount of fuel that a plane can carry and the efficiency of its use determine how long the craft can remain aloft. It was not so long ago that I flew with engines consuming 0.7 pounds of gasoline per hour per horsepower at cruising speeds. Recently, in long-range pursuit flights, my engine consumed only 0.35 pounds — an increase of 100 per cent, which means double the range, double the striking power, or a combination of both.

Another such doubling of engine efficiency would, at one sweep, give the present Condor type of Nazi bomber, with a range of five to seven thousand miles, a range of ten to fourteen thousand miles — more than enough to lay the entire

United States wide open to bombing, even with the existing Axis aviation equipment. The same kind of transformation would be achieved if the specific weight of fuels were cut in half. It is no secret that intensive research in these matters is under way in many countries, including our own. Having inspected it personally, I have a healthy respect for the research set-up in Germany, where experiments with new fuels, building materials and aerodynamic principles are intensively underway.

Only recently, the world heard of Nazi bombers taking off by means of catapults on the rocket principle. We do not know the details. But the procedure should enable the planes to rise with enormous loads, implying greatly enlarged range, larger bomb-loads, greater speed, or all these advantages. The rocket take-off should also enable heavy planes to operate from island outposts where big airfields are unavailable.

The only safety for America, in common sense, lies in recognizing this dynamic character of the science of aeronautics. We must assume that the enemy has great surprises in store for us. Our job is not to imitate and to trail, but to *out-think* him. American creative genius must be unleashed by set-

ting up an autonomous air power organization geared to seize the initiative in research and development and aerial strategy. Revolutionary changes in equipment can be made overnight — but the organization to exploit them requires time. In this respect, nations which have separate and autonomous air power organization enjoy a terrific advantage over us. They are in a position to utilize instantaneously all new scientific possibilities. The American people must be made aware of air power as the major element for victory, with surface forces as auxiliary and follow-up elements.

From Italy comes news of propellerless airplanes. Germany springs its catapult take-off on us. From Russia we hear reports of “rocket torpedoes” released by airplanes against ground targets. How about America’s springing some intellectual surprises? We have the inventive talents, the resources in engineering skills and materials, the untapped energy to take the lead in the air, if only we remove the barriers of timidity, skepticism, and ingrown military conservatism. We can and we must destroy German and Japanese air power at its sources and bomb the Axis lands into impotence before they attempt to do so to us.



The New Order

COCK FIGHTING IN FLORIDA

By EDWARD JEROME VOGELER

FLORIDA is the only state in which cock fighting is legal. Year after year, therefore, thousands of ardent fans of this most ancient sport hurry southward for the big mains and tournaments at Orlando, Jacksonville and other pits to which the police direct the traffic. Breeders from all over the country display their toughest birds, beggars and millionaires jam the democratic arenas and wager in mounting excitement as the feathered gladiators wage war without quarter.

This year there was an added zest, a keener eagerness, as cockers headed for Saint Augustine for the International Tournament, which opened on January 27 and continued through four solid days of furious feathered warfare. Many old-timers were nabbed for speeding through the Carolinas and Georgia and at least two parties of enthusiasts came as far as Jacksonville by chartered airplanes. Somehow the background of an America at war raised the sporting fever a few degrees; maybe the undying courage of the gamecock had new and more

personal meanings. Many of the older cock fighters have sons in the military services preparing for other battles to the death.

The 1942 tournament at Saint Augustine will be listed among the momentous cocking events of the generation. The finest fighting birds of North America — which means the finest on earth — were on hand to carry on the age-old controversy over fighting fowl bloodlines. There were sixteen entrants, the chickens having been shipped to the pit from the Carolinas, Kentucky, Texas, Ohio, New York, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Virginia, Wisconsin, Alabama and Canada. A loving cup was bestowed upon the winner by a New York sportsman and the prize money of \$8,000 was divided among the first, second and third best showings; tens of thousands of dollars changed hands in the betting. For many months this classic had been promoted in the cocking journals, by direct mail and by word-of-mouth.

The patriotic flavor was every-

where in evidence. Old Glory was on display in the pit and in the cock houses where the pitters trimmed and "heeled" the birds in preparation for battle. Signs urged the gamblers to invest their winnings, if any, in Defense Bonds. But above all, patriotism was manifest from the outset in heated discussion of the relative gameness and fighting qualities of Oriental and Occidental fowl.

"I come here fifteen hundred miles to bet agin the Japs," a cocking enthusiast from the middle west announced on the opening day. He was not referring to Tojo's soldiers but to the Shamo and the Tuzo, the Japanese fighting fowl which were imported into America nearly a century ago. Some of their descendants, pure and crossbred, were at Saint Augustine to match steel and stamina, skill and courage with the old English and Irish strains descended from breeds fought by George Washington, Andrew Jackson, Abraham Lincoln and other American fanciers.

Tatori in Japanese means "big chicken." It is the name the Nipponese applied to the special shock troops they were using in Malaya and the Philippines during the same week as that of the International Tournament. But to the cock fighters assembled in Florida,

tatori meant the Jap breeds of fighting fowl and the consensus of those who bet on hunches was "To hell with the *tatori*."

The very first bout of the tournament brought together a straight-combed cock (the mark of an Occidental fowl) and a Roundhead (the mark of the Oriental bird). The former weighed four pounds, eleven ounces; the latter, four pounds, eleven and one-half ounces. The Roundhead's half-ounce edge meant nothing, because each of the contenders was a tight knot of steel-muscled fury, willing if necessary to take on any other of its species ten times its size.

"Hundred to eighty the Roundhead loses!"

A sentimental wartime bet. Professional gamblers don't bet on sentiment and there were plenty of professionals present. The odds were quickly taken. They were brought down to even money. Each pitter placed his bird on the scales for the referee to check weights. The handlers walked nervously about the circular arena, stroking the backs, flexing the leg muscles of their charges. The gamblers, among them women, maintained a constant babble. Only the feathered gladiators appeared completely calm. One crowed in the hands of its master.

"Pit your cocks!"

The short man, handling the Roundhead, lifted the bird above his head, held it by the tail and let it flutter gracefully to the pit floor. It was an expert maneuver, designed to loosen the muscles of the high-strung creature which had been trained to perfection. The taller man contented himself with stroking the beautiful blue-and-red bird in his care. The referee drew with the toe of his shoe "score lines" upon the clay floor, lines from which the cocks were to be released for the fray. The pitters shook hands. They permitted their birds to peck at each other several times — "billing" is the technical phrase for this prelude — and with each peck the fighting fury of the gamecocks increased. The birds struggled to free themselves in their frenzy for battle.

An American and "a Jap" were engaged to the death. Fanciful as it may sound to those uninitiated in the ways of fighting fowl, it is nevertheless a fact that the *tatori* are noted for their sneak punches. When pitted, despite the aggressiveness they may have shown in the initial "billing," Shamo and Tuzo crosses will often strut about, seemingly in friendly fashion, until the opposing cock has turned his back or is otherwise off guard, at

which moment they will rush forward for that first and often fatal stroke. At this tournament there was no opportunity for such ruses. These were aces among battling roosters, many of them veterans of other engagements. In three weeks of conditioning, their natural spurs covered with soft boxing gloves, they had been sparred frequently to gauge their speed, cutting power and aggressiveness. The dubs and appeasers had long since been spotted and culled.

The cockers suddenly stepped back and released their fowl simultaneously upon the respective score lines. Like twin thunderbolts the birds dashed to the center, full three feet in the air, where they seemed momentarily to hang suspended, while their steel-clad feet, working like pistons, struck with a speed too swift for the human eye to follow. Together the cocks fell to the floor, only to resume the attack. The Roundhead lunged forward and clutched the hackles of the straight-combed bird with its powerful beak, and with this leverage undertook a terrific ground shuffle which threatened to end the contest in one all-out effort.

"They're hung!"

The pitters sprang forward, each to grasp the bird in his care. One three-inch gaff of the Roundhead

had gone through the wing of the straight-comb, the other was embedded in its adversary's back. Carefully, the handler of the straight-comb withdrew the deadly, needle-sharp spurs and then anxiously walked the wounded cock about to ascertain whether or not its injuries were disabling. The betting odds against the Occidental soared. "Hundred to sixty. . . hundred to fifty. . . on the Roundhead!" Ten-second intervals were permitted between pittings and with each pitting the odds changed. Sentiment was forgotten in the fever heat to glean a profit. Some of the fans were now offering tempting odds, others were trying to hedge and reduce their losses.

At the ninth pitting, both cocks were wounded and exhausted. The Roundhead was still the stronger, but the straight-comb, its left wing hanging useless, was the more aggressive. Every time the straight-comb attempted to fly and strike, its uninjured right wing threw it off balance and it fell upon its back. "Two hundred to a hundred on the Roundhead!" "Bet." The straight-comb's chances appeared slight indeed. But a gamecock's courage is stronger than anything that can happen to him. Only death can defeat him and even death seems a mere technicality. A gamecock

knows no retreat and no surrender.

The birds were reduced to fighting. Both were gasping for breath. Neither had strength remaining to strike many more blows. Each depended upon a billhold to raise the lethal spurs high enough to reach a vulnerable spot. This was something of an advantage to the straight-comb because it reduced the handicap of the broken wing. And just when it seemed that the contest might drag on interminably, the Occidental bird fluttered weakly and fell upon its side — and no one saw the stroke which had pierced the Roundhead's brain and ended the duel in the straight-comb's favor.

"That's all she wrote!" gleefully called out a fan, before crossing the pit to collect a fifty-dollar bet.

II

From 9 A.M. until 6 P.M. the feathers flew. Pair after pair of fighting cocks, matched to the fraction of an ounce, trained to the minute, their small heads shorn of comb and wattles and glowing with health, their feathers trimmed for battle, were brought "through the tunnel" into the central pit, an arena surrounded by tiers of seats for a close-packed audience of five thousand. If the duel lasted more than ten

minutes, the exhausted gladiators were taken to the "drag pit," there to settle the issue through death or victory while a second pair was being matched.

Meantime, large sums were won and lost — without a penny being posted. Some of the gamblers jotted wagers upon the backs of envelopes, others depended entirely upon memory to keep their bets straight. But there was no discord, no welching, as the fans sought each other after every engagement to collect or to pay off. Big cocking mains and tournaments are the only sporting events known to this writer at which a man bets on his face and his honor — or on his nerve. At the International Tournament, there were no untoward incidents among the humans while the chickens fought to their deaths. The only discordant note was the occasional expression of intense distaste on the part of some fancier for anything remotely related to the Japs.

"What's the bloodlines of that Roundhead chicken?" a Texas fan somewhat belligerently demanded, as the pitter appeared with a brown-red fowl marked by deep-set eyes, thick beak and dark legs.

"He's part Jap," the trainer confessed.

"Then you're going to carry him out by the tail."

Again and again this prophecy proved accurate. From the first day of the tournament, the Occidental birds grabbed and held the edge. In bone and muscle the Jap crosses were usually superior, but bone and muscle gave way to skill and speed and staying power.

Of more than three hundred cocks fought during four days, only one showed the white feather. A dunghill! When this lone craven turned tail and squawked in protest at the frightful punishment being administered by the drop socket gaffs of its adversary, it was such a shock that the entire arena was suddenly quiet. All the rest fought and won, or fought and died with traditional valor — the kind of gameness which Alexander the Great invoked when he fought gamecocks to inspire his soldiers with courage.

*Nor Life nor Death they deemed
the better state
But life that's glorious — death
that's great!*

Cocks fought on with wings broken, legs broken, sight gone. Hopelessly beaten, they fought back; broken, exhausted, dying, they collapsed to the dirt floor only to rise and strike a final blow with

the last flickering spark of life. Whatever the tide of battle, from the moment they faced each other for that initial "billing," their eyes glittered with fury until they were glazed in death.

Man is a meat-eating, predatory, fighting animal. But no man ever lived who possessed the undying gameness of a gamecock. The trait has been bred into these superb creatures through thousands of generations of selective mating. Nor, for that matter, has there ever lived a man whose speed and skill and grace in battle could compare with those of the feathered warrior. Their speed is so great that a camera with a thousandth-of-a-second exposure will often produce a blurred print; their skill so accurate that a gamecock evades by a fraction of an inch a thrust that might mean death, and delivers a counterstroke to end the duel — all in an action too swift for the naked eye to follow; the grace and beauty eclipse man's mechanical masterpieces of streamlined perfection. Breeders contend that the gamecock is man's superior in every quality except that questionable asset, brains. The creature with not enough brains to know when it is licked is never licked.

Even the Japs and the Jap crosses died game, though they

fought a losing war at this tournament. They were caught, again and again, on their own score lines and literally torn apart by a whirlwind of flying feet, clad with lethal spurs — the flying feet of the Wisconsin Pierce Shufflers, the Florida Law Brown Reds, the Kentucky Gay Doms and the Texas Whitehackles.

Meantime, the wagering waxed more and more furious with each passing day. The number of women present was fewer than usual for big cocking events, but the feminine fans present were enthusiastic. Their zest for the feathered fray equals and often surpasses that of the most ardent of the male cockers. One woman proved so lucky, or so skillful, in her selection of winners that she was shunned by the professional gamblers. The excited fans represented every walk of life. Affluent fanciers made wagers with others who might be risking their last dollar. Powerful, middle-aged cockers from Oklahoma, Texas and Arkansas swapped yarns with tottering old-timers.

Three cripples appeared every morning. One, obviously a man of considerable means, arrived in an expensive automobile fitted with a stretcher, and was carried by a liveried Negro chauffeur to his seat. Another came by taxi and

forced his way through the dense crowd on crutches. The third, a man without legs, maneuvered his way through the mob on an abbreviated cart, propelled by his huge arms; he appeared to be a familiar figure to the crowd and was one of the heavy gamblers, scorning any wager of less than a hundred dollars. During the summer months, I was told, he is a pencil vendor in northern cities, but in the cocking season, he returns to the pits of Florida.

From the first day of the tournament, odds against the *tatori* usually opened at a hundred to eighty. And as luck appeared to desert the Oriental crosses again and again, the odds lengthened until towards the close of the meeting they were betting a hundred to sixty before the fight started. The poorest showing of the entire sixteen entrants was made by a fancier from Ontario, Canada, who showed almost a solid entry of Roundheads. This breeder insists that his private strain of fighting fowl is a cross of old English and Jungle bloods, but to the majority of fans at Saint Augustine, they were Japs. This question is debatable. The Jap and the Jungle fowl are closely related. The Nipponese obtained their

original brood stock from India.

When the final score was tallied, first money went to the Pierce Shufflers, with twelve victories and but three defeats. This strain of imported English and Irish blood lines has been inbred and linebred in all its purity for more than fifty years in Wisconsin. Second money was won by a Texas showing of Whitehackles, and third by a North Carolina mixed lot of straight-combed fowl. First, second and third money at the great International Tournament — with not a single Roundhead in the lot! It was without precedent.

So unpopular have Jap crosses suddenly become in the cocking world that there has been talk of approaching Joe Taylor, of Hominy, Oklahoma, the state's foremost breeder and fighter of Roundheads, and tactfully suggesting that he divert his genius in selective mating to some straight-combed family of fighting cocks. But Joe Taylor would lick any man who implied that his famous Roundheads were even remotely related to Japs. You could hardly blame him — Joe Taylor is the father of Lieutenant Kenneth Taylor, who shot down the first two Jap planes on that Sunday at Pearl Harbor.

JESSE JONES: PAWNBROKER TO THE WORLD

BY WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE

JESSE JONES is the only American who can write a check for a cool billion dollars, make it payable to Henry Ford, Father Divine or his Aunt Emma, and cash it. The check will not only be cashed, but — here's where you come in — it will be charged against you and the 130,000,000 members of the family. In short, Jesse can borrow on your credit, lend the money to anybody on any terms, and you can hope it comes back to you with interest.

If you are an American citizen with a bank account and an insurance policy, you are in business with Jesse Jones. He is your agent with full power of attorney. He has already spent-and-lent fourteen billion dollars of your money, and he was only warming up for the war. He deals out millions as an automat change-maker deals out nickels and he can lend you a trifling million for a thousand years at no interest. Nobody will need know anything about the transaction except you and him.

It's almost impossible to exaggerate the powers over your purse which Congress and the President have delegated to Jesse Jones. Since 1933, when President Roosevelt made him chairman of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, Jesse has gathered power like the proverbial downhill snowball. He now controls fourteen different bureaus, boards and departments, and sits in the Cabinet meetings at a table which he himself designed and presented to the President. He is the new Fourth Branch of the government. He has far more discretionary financial power than any man who ever lived. He could under-bid and break any financial house in the country. He could discharge the presidents of fifty-four railroads with a stroke of his pen. With his new war powers he can create new competition for existing industries or promote monopolies. He holds mortgages on one-third of all the mortgaged homes in the United States. No banker can afford to risk the Jones displeasure.

How a Texas hoss-trader who never went to high school acquired such power in a democracy which distrusts power is a question historians will be trying to answer for the next five centuries. The quick, across-the-table answer is that Jesse Jones is the Faith-and-Trust Man of the Roosevelt Revolution. In the fierce rapids of conflicting theory and suspicion which have swirled around Washington since 1933, Big Jesse has been the one man whose integrity and sound judgment could be conceded by men as far apart as Tom Corcoran and Senator Bob Taft.

The extent to which this Texas multimillionaire is trusted by men of all shades of opinion is amazing. A hold-over from the Hoover Administration, he has never been a New Dealer, yet I have his own word for it that in nine turbulent years President Roosevelt has never failed to approve a single recommendation made by Jesse Jones. There are four other members of the RFC board, but have you ever heard of them? One of them declared: "We have never thought of questioning a decision made by Jesse Jones." When the bill removing all restrictions from the operations of RFC went before Congress in 1939, there was not a dissenting vote in the Senate and only six

members of the House bothered to oppose it. This means that the Senate, a portion of which has stubbornly opposed every grant of power to Mr. Roosevelt, agreed without the formality of a roll call to make Jesse Jones the first American financial dictator!

Most of the "blank checks" which Congress has given to the President have carried one significant reservation. Before the money could be spent, Jesse Jones would have to countersign the checks. As one calloused observer put it: "Washington is a place where everybody distrusts everybody else, but everybody trusts Jesse Jones." During one of the hot appropriation fights on Capitol Hill, a prominent opposition senator declared: "I am not voting for this bill as it is written. I am voting for the way Jesse tells me it will be administered."

This doesn't mean that everybody in Washington *likes* Jesse Jones. There are New Dealers who cuss him for his conservatism and there are bankers who sneer that he is conservative "only by contrast." There are palace conspirators who keep their knives sharpened for him and they have gleefully discovered some newly sprung chinks in his armor. But even his enemies *trust* Jesse Jones. They concede

what his record shows: that as long as he is allowed discretion in lending government money, his loans will be "safe and sound" and government losses will be held to a minimum.

II

The first thing you notice about Jesse Jones is that he is a big fellow. Six-feet-three with his shoes off and he weighs two-twenty. Big Jesse is sixty-eight, but he's as straight as any board in his fifty-five lumber yards. He has thick, silver-white hair, blue eyes that are a bit shy for a banker, and thin, compressed lips. When you look at him you think of a gilt-edged, 6 per cent bond.

They say Jesse's face has a "Yes" side and a "No" side. It was after seven in the evening when I went in to see him. He had had a long day — he makes appointments from 7 A.M. to 9 P.M. — and he had just finished a conference with Mr. Walter Teagle, of Standard Oil. Apparently Mr. Teagle had been favored with the "Yes" side, for Jesse was in an unruffled, almost mellow mood.

"They say you are the world's most successful money lender, Mr. Jones," I said to him. "I wanted to come in and see how you do it."

He chuckled. "Well, I know very

little about money," he said. "I never read a book on economics in my life. I lend money by sight and by ear. I proceed on the theory that the average, ordinary American is essentially honest. He's a decent sort of fellow. Whether he's president of a big corporation or whether he pushes a hand-car, he wants to do the right thing. He wants to work. He wants to rely on himself. He wants to pay his debts. And he will pay his debts if you give him a chance. When you lend the average American money, you can assume that he wants to pay you back. Your only problem then is to help him find the way so that he can pay you back. Everything I've done in Washington has been directed toward trying to get the American people back on the solid foundation that they want to be on."

That "solid foundation" which crops up in the Jones conversation means a sound, privately directed, competitive profit system. He's the man in the Roosevelt Administration who believes that government relief efforts should be directed chiefly toward helping business relieve the social ills. The most beautiful sight in the world to Jesse Jones is a financial statement showing everything in order, all charges properly made, ample bonuses to the deserving employes, and a 6

per cent melon to be sliced by the stockholders. He doesn't read books. *Gone With the Wind* is the only book he has read in twenty years. He reads figures. He believes figures will have more to do with the future of America than all the books ever written.

I asked Mr. Jones what he thought about the war and its possible effects on these "solid foundations" in America.

"I don't know," he replied frankly. "We are going to win the war. We are going to owe a lot of money when we get through. I think we can feel fortunate in our leadership. The President has more information than any man I have ever known. I think we can count on him for the leadership we need to win the war. I don't think the American people are afraid. We are never afraid of anything if we know the facts. The only thing we fear is not being told the facts. After the war, I'd say we'll just have to count on our faith in being able to get the right things done. We must preserve the 'incentive' system of living, for this system is what makes the American what he is."

Jesse's almost blind insistence on sound business at all times has made him uncomfortable in the wartime atmosphere where millions must be tossed about indiscrimi-

nately. It hurts Jesse Jones down deep to see a dollar wasted. His critics are accusing him of shortsightedness in his handling of the rubber situation, but he stoutly denies the charge.

"When Japan began threatening in the Pacific nearly two years ago," he told me, "I began buying all the rubber I could lay my hands on. I accumulated a substantial reserve of raw rubber, enough to insure us against any shortage for military purposes. I did, however, oppose the immediate laying out of millions of dollars to develop a synthetic rubber industry which can be nothing but a problem to us after the war. I thought it would be better for the civilian population to have to walk a while than for us to have to dismantle an industry after the war or else protect it with high prices and high tariffs. I think I was right."

The opposing view, naturally, was that in wartime "sound business" must go out the window, and that Jesse should have started building the synthetic plants a year ago. He is now helping to build them, but you can be certain he sees the specter of useless, rust-gathering plants every time he signs a check for their cost.

Another of Jesse's actions which has exposed his flank to attack has

been his handling of aluminum. A name which is anathema to all New Dealers is Andrew Mellon. But since Mellon is dead and vengeance can hardly be wreaked on his person, the New Dealers have hoped to be able at least to commit mayhem on the chief Mellon creation, the Aluminum Corporation of America. They had no luck at all attacking the big near-monopoly in the courts, but in the government-forced expansion of the aluminum industry they saw a chance to get in their licks. So you can imagine their disappointment when Big Jesse nonchalantly crawled into bed with Alcoa. He signed a long-term agreement which not only allowed Alcoa to manage the government-built plants, but also — gall and wormwood! — allowed Alcoa to make a profit.

Well, is there anything wrong with encouraging a business to make a profit? Who can manage an aluminum plant better than the people who have had the broadest experience in making aluminum? And isn't a solvent monopoly preferable to two insolvent competitors? This is the Jones answer.

III

To understand the political hydraulics of Jesse Jones's rise to

financial power, you have to go back to John Nance Garner. Remember him? He has been in exile these many months, but his ghost still walks along Pennsylvania Avenue. In the files in Jesse's spacious press rooms, you will find this heavily underscored clipping: "Too bad John Garner was not nominated for President by the Democratic Party in 1932. He would have been elected and the country would have been spared the costly, disastrous experiments of the New Deal's gifted amateurs." Jesse Jones is Garner's gift to Roosevelt.

The New Deal side of the Roosevelt personality has never been able to control Congress. Control of that unpredictable body has been held by a group of hard-headed, hard-handed Southern Democrats like Garner, Carter Glass, Tom Connally, Sam Rayburn, Jimmy Byrnes and Pat Harrison — men who snorted at the mention of names like Hopkins and Ickes. Jesse Jones, sitting atop his pyramid of powers, is the Roosevelt concession to these Southern Lords of Congress. It has been suggested that Jesse's tag-line in history should be: The Great Compromise.

Jesse Jones has faithfully represented Southern conservatism during the Revolution. When he went to Washington, he carried three

things typically Southern with him — a distrust of Wall Street, a distrust of New York, and a passionate belief that two and two still make four. In nine years, he has succeeded in moving the financial capital of America southward from Wall Street to Washington; he has persuaded several large corporations to move their offices out of New York; and he has insisted that Washington retain some vestige of respect for the science of arithmetic.

In his own political maneuvering, Jesse has made none of the clumsy-ox blunders commonly expected from rich men. He has been a smart lobbyist from the beginning, as proved by the fact that he has never been defeated by the New Deal inner circle. His tactics are simple. Whenever a bill affecting his domain comes before Congress, he "goes visiting" up on the Hill. In the Garner days he made Cactus Jack's office his headquarters. Now he borrows the offices of Senator Glass and Speaker Rayburn. He used to stand in front of Garner's office, spot a recalcitrant senator and invite him to "come on in and have a drink of the Vice-President's whiskey." Just how much of Garner's whiskey Jesse gave away over eight years has never been totted, but those who know the drinking capacity of

congressmen say that it must have come to quite an item.

Confronted by Jesse's safe-and-sound manner and reassuring words, even the most suspicious senator finds it hard to believe that anything which is to be handled by Jesse Jones can be inimical to the public welfare. Nor does Jesse lose his touch with congressmen after the bill has been passed. He has developed a system for dealing with elected public servants which has proved a source of tremendous strength for him. It explains why he has steadily gained power since 1933, while others have either fallen aside or survived only by clinging to the Presidential coattails.

The keystone of the unbeatable Jones system is his policy of seeing every man sent to him by a congressman. If a powerful constituent puts the pressure on some obscure young Representative to help him get a loan from the RFC, the despairing youngster approaches Jones apprehensively — and finds, to his astonishment, that the rich old banker is an unsuspected friend. Jones agrees to see the importuning constituent, and during the subsequent interview keeps building up the Representative until said constituent begins to believe that his congressman has been doing noth-

ing except fight for that loan. When decision day comes, Jesse further endears himself to the Representative by letting the young man call the constituent himself and break the good news, if the answer is "yes." If the answer is "no," Jesse is still an all-right guy because he gives the constituent the impression that the loan was denied over the congressman's limp, exhausted body. Human nature being what it is, it's easy to understand why only six congressmen out of 435 objected to Jesse Jones's becoming the financial dictator of America.

Jesse also rates as the Friend of Congress by doing the little chores which Congress wants done but doesn't want to order. Take the sad state of Brazilian agriculture. As a good neighbor, Congress wants to help the Brazilians but no congressman would like to face his farmer constituents after he had voted for such a neighborly gesture. So the answer is to vote an appropriation to one of Jesse's alphabetical aliases and instruct Jesse off the record to take care of the situation.

IV

Jesse was a millionaire before he was thirty. He borrowed money everywhere, played business clear

across the board, and was scared stiff most of the time. But he never let anybody know he was scared. He altered the Houston skyline to suit his own vanity. He made himself one of the biggest lumbermen in the country and acquired office buildings, banks, theatres, radio stations and a newspaper — the *Houston Chronicle*. Curiously for a Texan, he shied at oil stocks. "I was never a speculator," he said. "When I gambled, I always gambled with my surplus marbles. I never risked my shooter."

In 1928, Jesse staged his own private Democratic national convention in his own private city of Houston. He built his own convention hall out of his own lumber, entertained the delegates in his own theatres and hotels, and paid off the party deficit. With the approach of 1932, he did everything in his power to make Jack Garner President, failed, and Garner brought him to Washington with the creation of RFC.

Today, Jesse lives quietly with his wife at the Shoreham Hotel in Washington. He works seven days a week and begins receiving callers in his pajamas shortly after sun-up. When he does find an evening to relax, he likes to drink a little red whiskey, play a little poker, and tell a few men-only stories, always

in company with his peculiar breed of Texans and Southerners. He is not high society and only on the rarest occasion does he drape his big frame with a tail-coat. The last such occasion for Jesse was the recent \$10,000 champagne-and-caviar revel pitched by the Russian embassy in celebration of the billion-dollar loan Jesse had made to the Russians. This loan, incidentally, is one of the type which Jesse makes "by direction" and not "by discretion."

Jesse is warming up slowly to the British in the war effort. He could never really like a man (or a government) if that man owed him money for twenty years without trying to pay it back. He put the chill on the first British proposals for joint financing of munitions plants in this country, but now that everybody is in the war he is becoming a bit more co-operative with our cousins.

You can't leave Jesse Jones without having been impressed by his humanity. He is a man of faith. He likes people and he believes in people. He believes in the spirit which built America. He had an experi-

ence in 1936 which affected him deeply and gave him the belief that he has a mission to fulfill. He was riding in an airplane over Texas when the plane caught fire. He sat helplessly in his seat and watched an obscure co-pilot named Eugene Schacher rise to the occasion. Schacher came out of the blazing cabin to reassure his passengers, then went back into the flames, landed the ship, came out and unlocked the door with flesh falling off his hands and led the passengers to safety. Next day Schacher died, leaving a wife and two children.

Jesse came out of the experience with two impressions. He is certain that men have within them a grand, unselfish something which gives them the strength to ride out any storm. And out of Schacher's dying and his being spared, Jesse has come to feel that perhaps he was spared for a reason. He believes he was spared so that he can continue his efforts to hold the government and the business of the United States on a "safe and sound" basis through its greatest crisis.

TO BE jilted is a mishap. Not to be jilted can be a calamity.

WHAT is culture? To have a soul to be proud of and not to be proud of it.

— EDWARD J. BING

► *Food for Freedom program assures
enough of staple products for all.*

YOUR FOOD IN WAR TIME

BY MILLARD C. FAUGHT

ARE you tempted to go down to your corner grocer and lay in a supply of staple foods — just in case? So am I. But if the “Food for Freedom” program of American farmers achieves its goals during the next growing season, we will both feel like a couple of unpatriotic saps. We may well find ourselves with a case of canned milk, a barrel of flour and three smoked hams in the attic during the year that American farm production hits an all-time high.

Our food supply for the coming year is in large measure dependent on the success of the Department of Agriculture’s carefully charted program — the most ambitious essay in planned production ever undertaken by the Department, which was already the planningest segment of our government. While most of the country was dreaming its way into Pearl Harbor last fall, one of the Department’s little-publicized divisions, the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, was grinding away at a job of long-range forecasting. Its task was to figure, a

full crop-year in advance, what would be the food needs of our domestic war economy, of our armed forces, of the Red Cross, of our Allies — and how much, if any, would be left over to build up some post-war “food stockpiles.”

Out of its mass of calculations, the Bureau announced production goals for 1942 on practically every food crop: a Food for Freedom program composed of figures so astronomical that they staggered farmers, consumers, and even zero-anaesthetic government men. Secretary of Agriculture Claude Wickard asked coolly for production of 50,000,000,000 eggs, 125,000,000,000 pounds of milk, the slaughter of 83,000,000 hogs and further contributions on the same scale.

Translated into consumer shopping-list terms, these 1942 food goals mean that for every dozen eggs raised last year, a dozen and two extra should be available this year. If you serve bacon with every egg, you should have enough bacon to go around because egg and pork production are to be in-

creased at the same rate, about 14 per cent. And there must be eleven chickens and turkeys where last year there were ten, and more butter, more cheese, more milk. For every last year's sack of peanuts, five sacks are planned this year. All in all, there should be about 45 per cent more canned staple vegetables packed in 1942 than in the average year from 1936 to 1940.

When this comprehensive plan was announced, it was met by the public with bewilderment on the part of consumers and with very mixed feelings by the farming population. There was a loud squawk from the corn, wheat and cotton farmers whose quotas were not increased, though most of them knew the reason: there is a two years' supply of wheat and millions of bushels of corn in Henry Wallace's "ever normal granary." And many farmers, too, remembered the last post-war farm débâcle and did not listen kindly to talk of crop expansion. As for the ordinary man, he found it hard to reconcile the new Washington plan for tremendous food production goals with the long and bitter public argument over the economy of scarcity and curtailed farm production.

To overcome opposition and get the needed production as rapidly as

possible, the Department of Agriculture devised some complex machinery. An Agricultural Defense Board was established in every state and county to break the national food goals down to state and county levels, after which each Board went out and knocked on every farmer's door to get him to sign up for his share. By the time events in the Pacific had changed the name of these bureaus to War Boards, they were functioning vigorously, and for the most part efficiently.

The War Boards, in effect, have become coordinators of the bewildering pattern of offices operating under the Department of Agriculture, spokes in the bureaucratic wheel like AA, BAE, FCA, SMA, FSA, SCS, FS and the Extension Service. Members from each of these agencies have been assigned to serve on the state and county War Boards. There was some treading on toes and jockeying for position as a result of this fusion, but fortunately the Board members had little time to discuss membership prerogatives. They were called into four regional meetings and got marching orders from Secretary Wickard himself.

The new Boards knew very well that they could not go out and *tell* the farmers what to raise. The

field agents expected, and got, some tough questions: "How am I going to increase production with a shortage of farm labor, priorities on machinery, increased cattle feed costs, higher fertilizer costs, and overburdened marketing facilities?" "What assurance have I that I'll be able to sell my extra crops at a profitable price?" "Where will I be after the war with all this increased productive capacity? I still remember the 1920's."

Fortunately, the agents had at least some of the answers ready. They explained that the Department of Agriculture is empowered to guarantee the farmers a price of 85 per cent of "parity" on all crops for which increased production is asked. Parity is the ratio between price and cost on farm products, based on figures for the years 1909 to 1914. Even better than that, the Department's men could virtually promise — with the backing of a billion dollars in lend-lease money — to buy just about everything the farmers couldn't sell. Moreover, the War Boards could point to the Department's able record in the matter of handling surpluses: agencies like the Surplus Marketing Administration (SMA), the Food Stamp Plan, and the School Lunch Program, all engaged in distributing millions of dollars

worth of farm products a month to welfare clients and in buying food-stuffs for Britain and the Red Cross. No, the Department argued, there was infinitely less danger of producing a little too much than a little too little.

America's entry into the war ironed out most opposition. Nobody now doubts the farmer's willingness to produce. The real bottleneck now is farm labor, a problem which is currently under frontal attack. Farmers have been given priorities on needed new equipment, they have repaired their machinery, and they are prepared for the growing season.

II

To the consumer, the "farm problem" is little more than a perennial headache which he doesn't understand very well. While the tremendous Food for Freedom campaign went through its organizational agony, the consumer watched the rising cost of living and remembered dollar-a-dozen eggs in the last war. Confused by the furor over farm price ceilings, he could only wonder apprehensively what future food prices might be. And when he learned about the new food goals, he had just one question: *Would the goals be met?*

The answer is a qualified yes. Barring climatic catastrophes, American farmers will meet most of the food goals and even exceed some of them. Eggs are a good example of the way the farm program is working. Chickens mature and go into production rapidly, consequently we have already some concrete evidence of response to the Food for Freedom goals. When the egg plans were announced last fall, the Department also agreed to support egg prices at 85 per cent of parity, and began to support the market through purchases by the Surplus Marketing Administration, which was already buying heavily for shipment under lend-lease. Egg prices in mid-November were 76 per cent above mid-March and the November prices were close to parity. Farmers were happy about that situation, but to consumers it looked like the beginning of dollar-a-dozen eggs.

As a result of the parity guarantee last fall, the supply of eggs has increased so rapidly that the Department now has a problem of oversupply on its hands; in the single week ending January 24, 1942, the SMA bought 5,729,750 pounds of dried whole eggs and 18,227 dozen shell eggs. The net result of the whole egg situation is that

the consumer will continue to pay parity prices for eggs throughout the war; but *there will be plenty of them* and they won't be a dollar a dozen — probably well under half a dollar, on the average.

By comparison, the egg problem is simple. It takes a lot longer to raise a heifer, for instance, than a hen. Achieving the goal of 125,000,000,000 pounds of milk may depend less on the cows than on certain man-made conditions; milk marketing is one of the most complicated agricultural operations. Fortunately, the milk products most needed under the war program are cheese, evaporated milk and dry skim milk. Britain needed these products badly even before Pearl Harbor and we had already expanded production by that time. Milk producers must also figure on shortages of paper for milk containers, tires for milk trucks, and on higher wages for processing labor. All this may mean an extra cent or so a quart, nationally speaking, before the war is over.

Chances of getting the 83,000,000 hogs needed this year are middling good, thanks to the nation's bulging corncribs plus the early stimulus of British needs. In order to provide England with an extra rasher of bacon, farmers began to "force feed" their hogs

months ago. They produced the extra bacon, but some of it looked like lard on the hoof. By this spring, enough new pigs should be farrowed so that the pork, bacon and lard goals may be reached without much difficulty.

But the biggest headache in the whole program, aside from the over-all labor shortage, will come in meeting the goals on canned vegetables. Recently, the Department told the nation's canners that it wanted 40,000,000 cases of tomatoes and 38,000,000 cases of peas this season, representing a 25 per cent and a 33 per cent increase respectively over the record 1941 figures. Furthermore, the Department guaranteed to buy every can of tomatoes and peas the canners had to sell at stated prices, provided the canners would pay stipulated prices to growers. These prices averaged from \$5.00 a ton (on peas) and \$17.50 a ton (on tomatoes) higher than prices paid in 1941. The offer was calculated as an incentive both to the growers to meet their goals, and to the canners to do the extra processing.

Two questions complicate the vegetable problem. Will the growers get the labor to harvest the peas and tomatoes? Will the canners get the tin to can the crops? Government is working hard to answer the

first question. The canning industry's answer to the second is already apparent in the gradual disappearance of beer cans, tinned dog meat, tinfoil, tin soldiers and any other surplus use of tin. Glass, wood and paper are the substitutes, but glass may eventually be ruled out because it uses soda ash, also needed in explosives.

III

There remains the human equation, which has thus far managed to confuse the issue fairly well. As the Price Control Bill stumbled through Congress, consumers were treated to a windy debate in newspaper columns between farm pressure groups (Farm Bureau, Farmers Union and others), the government, and miscellaneous unattached "experts" who have ever been ready to solve the farmer's problems for him.

These shenanigans only delayed the bill and ended in a defeat administered by the farm bloc to itself. The pressure boys worked on the theory that if they could only ram through a high ceiling on farm prices, then prices would rise to the limits under the strain of a war emergency. Consumers saw through this and their resentment was reflected in the newspapers. The farmers, never too strong for

artificially high prices, smarted from the tart things said about them and blamed the farm bloc for the whole business. Farmers are sensitive about their patriotism and they didn't like the implication that they were exploiting the national emergency to grab off the gravy. But now the shooting is over, and the pressure boys are high and dry. There is a lid on agricultural prices of 110 per cent of parity, but the *market* prices remain at approximately the parity level and will probably stay there — a situation generally satisfactory to the farmers and the Department of Agriculture. To further confound the high-price grabbers, Secretary Wickard has released some of the huge corn and cotton reserves, thereby driving the market price down.

What does this political jockeying mean to the consumer? It means that the government has the power to control the price of farm products. It means that Wickard has been able to devise and control a *modus operandi* designed to bring about the production necessary in the Food for Freedom program, a method consisting of price guarantees plus a strong farm campaign. Eggs provide the best example of the way his scheme works. Wickard first controlled the supply of eggs

by guaranteeing price support at a minimum of 85 per cent of parity, and the increased supplies which that guarantee evoked now constitute a barrier against scarcity prices. At this stage of the Food for Freedom program, it appears that we will have an adequate supply of all staple domestic foods during the war period, and that prices (the farm bloc notwithstanding) will rise above parity only to the extent necessitated by higher processing and distributing costs.

One paradox in the program still puzzles the consumer. He sees the Department calling for increases in farm production, and at the same time sees the Surplus Marketing Administration giving away food through its Food Stamp Plan and its School Lunch Program.

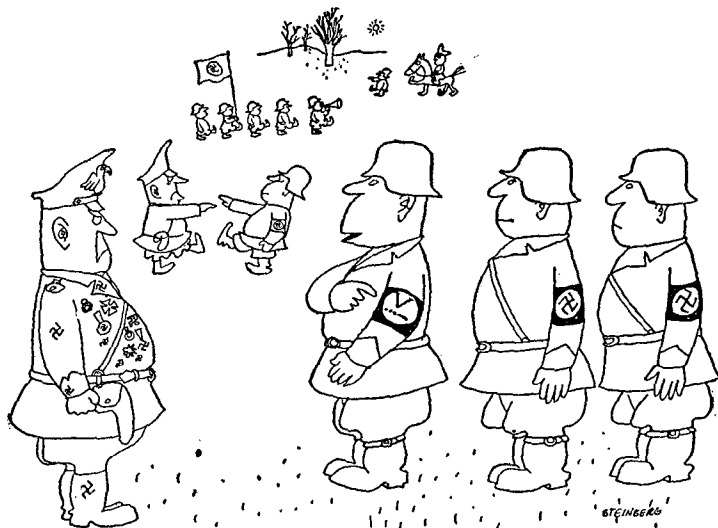
The answer is simply supply and demand. The Department has promised farmers that it will support prices by buying in the open market those commodities which need stabilization. Obviously, the Department can't drive up to six million farmers' doors and buy whatever local surplus they may have. Instead, the government buys on terminal markets or by contract from processors. The approximate 3,500,000 people participating in the Stamp Plan strengthen normal local markets by

\$10,000,000 per month, and the farm products which the SMA actually buys outright in its market-supporting activities are turned over to the states for direct distribution to welfare clients.

As a part of the Food for Freedom plan, the SMA's food buying and distribution programs are the farmer's insurance policies against being penalized for his patriotism; they are solid planks in the floor under his prices. And by swinging its double-bladed axe, the SMA simultaneously cuts down price-depressing farm surpluses and fights the battle against malnutrition.

The total picture of Food for

Freedom, then, envisages an all-embracing program which must and will feed American soldiers and civilians and their Allies. At the same time, it must plan so far ahead that it is able to build up a vast stockpile of food, which will be our "big stick" at the ultimate peace conference. Meanwhile, food is our fifth column operating among conquered peoples, urging them to revolt and be fed. At home, Americans are far more fortunate. There will be food enough for everybody and the hoarder who stocks up "just in case" may discover that he has only made an unpatriotic fool of himself.



Sabotage in the Tailoring Division

THIS IS MY OWN

By JESSE STUART

PEACE comes to me tonight among these hills;
Peace comes with darkness and the sullen skies,
With calling of the valley whippoorwills
And light in velvet darkness of fireflies.
Peace comes in soothing whispers of night wind
Speaking to oak leaves and the ripening wheat,
Speaking to stalwart cornrows plowed and thinned
From cornfields where the skies and ridge-tops meet.
There's peace in drowsy insect songs one hears
In dewy weeds against the earth's wet breast;
They lull the songs for lost forgotten years
Of sturdy men forced to eternal rest.
In peaceful darkness this night warmly stirs
While I am free — happy to remain
A singer louder than the nightjarr's churrs
Of a hundred songs that aggravate my brain.

These little streams I love that trickle over
Embedded log and gray-green lichen boulder;
And I love honey bees first to spring clover
And blooming alder sprouts high as one's shoulder.
And I love Indian-turnip blossoms under
The leopard-spotted beeches in this cove,
Brought into blossom by the rain and thunder,
Their tender blooms and fragrant smells I love.
Spring winds that fiddle music from the stems
Of slick-barked spicewoods growing by the streams;
Spring winds that molest bloodroot's petaled gems
Is new spring music filling me with dreams.
And umbrella mayapples are good
To see just bursting from spring-smelly loam;
My brain grows wild with spring's green twilight mood
As I walk down this path that leads me home.

Now bloodroot blooms have disappeared too soon.
Their beauty was not left here long enough,
White-petaled ghosts to dance beneath the moon
And nod in winery sunlight on the bluff.
Just yesterday they filled this deep ravine,
This loamy earth was covered with their snow;
Though it is April still, not one is seen
Bending its snowy head to winds that blow.
Tell me why can't an April blossom last
When it is life to brighten spring's bleak woods
Where melted snow-water flows coldly past
To fill blue streams with April's early floods?
Why does the bloodroot have to seal its bloom
And be succeeded by the lesser flowers?
Why does its beauty meet the swiftest doom,
Forced to leave April's blue-soft twilight hours?

I have loved evenings here that came like wine
To hills with pine groves on their rocky crests,
To valleys where white threads of rivers twine
And birds wing through the blue to sheltered nests.
I have loved sun-down on the lush-green steep
Dotted with clumps of briars and graying rocks,
With ewes and lambs brought down to pens for sleep,
Safe from the wild dogs and the hungry fox.
I have loved streams of smoke that spiral high
Above the brown-rock chimney of my shack,
Spiraling like a sourvine to the sky —
And these are memories that take me back
To blessed earth of mine where I belong,
Land of green silence and the whippoorwill,
My land of human warmth and friendly song,
Land with a river, valley, and a hill.

As rivers roll forever to the sea
And winds moan in a constant reckless flood,
She holds the surge of love there is in me,
Love variant as a winter wind's wild mood.
When she is from my sight, she is not gone;
Her voice, her mood for song, are with me still.

That part of her solid as mountain stone
Will help me conquer any future hill.
As life moves in swift pace from year to year
And seasons in succession haunt the earth,
We march together without any fear,
Proud of the jutted land that gave us birth.
Our heritage is tougher mountain clay;
Our eyes look to the level of the stars —
Our love is life, our land and light of day
With freedom where rockcliffs are prison bars.

This is the land of desolation here.
One sees the old house fallen to decay,
The rotting barn with sagging roof is near
And all is quiet since they moved away.
A wind whines in the leafless rosebush vine
And loose boards rattle on the yard well-box;
A crow wings over slopes of scrubby pine
And red wasps fly behind the chimney rocks.
One knows this is the place where there has been
The joys and pains of life and fleeting love;
One knows this is the place where they have seen
Young lovers in this land and white-oak grove.
Now all of this is memory concealed
In some strange land, perhaps, upon the hill
Where stones are planted in a pasture field
And the only sound, a wailing whippoorwill.

Not too far distant for the caw of crow
And not too lonely for the dove hen's coo,
Not too far from the lonesome water's flow
They sleep where sunlight cannot filter through
The thick walls of their long eternal home.
Be with them light of lazy mountain day;
Fall to them starlight from your ceiling dome!
And sing for them, you wind, your fickle lay!
They cannot feel the slithering white-hair roots
Of stalwart corn that finger clods apart;
Nor can they see the silky green-ear shoots,
Nor hear the wind and corn-blade music start.

Light be with this eternal dust beneath
Each yucca tuft, root, and imported stone
That stand in rows clean as a hound dog's teeth;
Light be with them unmarked, unnamed, unknown.

Restless is this night with a soft moon hanging
Red as a sourwood leaf where wind makes moan;
Wind and the leaves are cymbals softly clanging
Music for him who loves to walk alone.
Night has no barrier for a man whose brain
Grows wild with his realms of poetic moods;
He hears and talks to wind and tastes the rain
When it drips from the leaves in poplar woods.
Night is godsend to man when it is full
Of darkness, leaves and blowing wind and cloud;
Night is a joyous mood that's beautiful
When it's a whispering ghost in velvet shroud.
How can one sleep when wind and darkness stir
In death of sleep and let his brain be dead;
When he should walk alone at night to hear
Words that the winds before have never said?

Soft nights enchanted by this mountain river
Where fireflies tell the time instead of clocks,
It would be great if one could live forever
Where time is slower than rainbeats on rocks.
Nights by this river where the drowsy water
Lips night long at the banks of stone and clay,
Where canoe paddles plop and there is laughter
And cicadas sing while lovers have their way.
Nights of enchantment where these beetles lull
So drowsily in cornfields wet with dew,
Under a red moon low and beautiful —
Nights of enchantment, let me live with you
Forever by this restless mountain river
Amid enchanting lull of insects' singing;
Let fireflies clock the lazy time forever
While I live here content to hear earth's singing.

How persistent should a life insurance agent be?



IN 1882

“HOW PERSISTENT should I be?” is a question that plagues every conscientious life insurance agent.

Years ago, it was much harder to an-

swer that question than it is today, for the agent's efforts to sell life insurance met with more resistance. Even now, however, it remains a problem.

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This is Number 48 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company (A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD • Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.



► For example, perhaps an agent is trying to sell a policy to a man who has a wife and two children but little or no life insurance. He isn't much interested. The agent visits him several times, but each time he says, "No!"

► Should the agent cross this head of a family off his list? Should he give up trying to persuade him that his family needs some life insurance? Or should he call again?

► If the agent does try again, this man whose family really *needs* protection might say, "Tell that agent I don't want to see him again. I'm not interested . . . he's wasting his time!" On the other hand, the next call might be the time when he would say, "Yes."

► Suppose the agent makes that next call—and receives the answer, "Yes." Then suppose something happens. The family

of this new policyholder will not be left without funds and the widow will not have to depend on relief or relatives, or go to work, or take the children out of school.

Many seasoned life insurance agents have had such an experience—and it is a lesson they never forget. It explains why conscientious agents, like crusaders in every good cause, are loath to take "No" for an answer. It explains, too, why many Americans have the life insurance they now own; some agent, through repeated calls, helped them to buy the kind and amount of life insurance they should have.

► Every life insurance agent knows that there is one group of people who never criticize an agent for being too persistent. They are the beneficiaries of the men who finally said, "Yes."

IN 1942



► *Nipponese rulers are faceless,
collective, almost anonymous.*

THE MEN WHO RULE JAPAN

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

ONE day in the middle of last October, a Japanese, unusually tall for his race, with an elongated aristocratic face and a languid manner, called at the Imperial Palace in Tokyo. Conducted to the Emperor, he asserted, with the reverential honorifics which are necessary in addressing the Son of Heaven, that his deep unworthiness made it impossible for him to remain Premier of Japan.

Emperor Hirohito, as impassive and as powerless as a statue of Buddha, listened to the conventional phrases and dismissed his visitor. Not long afterwards, one of the gates to the Palace was opened and the sentry sprang to a rigid salute as a short, stocky figure in a General's uniform entered. There was another ceremonial reception. The General, whose naturally brusque, stern manner was only partially masked behind the formal professions of reverence to His Imperial Majesty, was commissioned to form a new Cabinet.

Soon the Japanese newsboys were running up and down the Ginza

and the other main streets of Tokyo, ringing bells to announce the appearance of a *gogai*, as the "extra" edition of a Japanese newspaper is called. Sometimes a *gogai* is put out on pretty scant warrant. But this time it really was big news, bigger than most people in Japan or abroad suspected at the time. For Prince Fumimaro Konoye had given way to General Hideki Tojo as Premier of Japan. And Japan's course was firmly set on the great adventure of the war against the West that led to Pearl Harbor on December 7, and to Singapore on February 15.

Konoye had been Premier during most of the period from the eve of the outbreak of war with China, in July 1937, to the eve of the greater war on which Japan has staked its national destiny. Historically, this was a transitional era for Japan, with Konoye as its outstanding personality. It marked the transition from a state of peace in which the Japanese people were living, not richly or comfortably by Western standards, but better

than any other Oriental people, to a state of all-out war, where the "guns instead of butter" formula had been thoroughly applied and Japan was living under the régime of rationing and privations and shortages that is characteristic of the totalitarian state, regardless of its form.

Japan had eleven Premiers during the turbulent decade that began with the seizure of Manchuria and ended with the assault on Pearl Harbor. The job was no sinecure and no good life insurance risk. Two of the eleven, Inukai and Saito, were murdered by nationalist fanatics and several others experienced extremely narrow escapes. Under the placid outward aspects of Japanese life, there was a tremendous ferment.

Konoye was the last hope of those Japanese who thought they might realize their country's ambitions without a major war. Descended from a very old and illustrious family of the Court aristocracy, not from the brawling samurai of the Japanese Middle Ages, Konoye for a time seemed to fulfill an important condition for a national leader. He represented the largest common denominator of popular acceptance. It was sometimes said of Konoye, and it was not meant to be funny, for the

Japanese have no conspicuous sense of humor: "No one is against him, not even the people."

A bit of a dilettante and a bit of a hypochondriac (he took the most extreme precautions about his food and retired to bed at the slightest sign of illness) Konoye still knew his way around in the complex mazes of Japanese politics. Not for nothing had he been the pupil of Japan's wisest Elder Statesman, Prince Saionji, whose death in 1940 symbolized the passing of an era wherein moderation was still a prized virtue in Japanese foreign policy. Konoye possessed more personal prestige and a broader world outlook than the procession of Generals, Admirals and politicians who flitted across the Japanese political stage in the thirties.

Nicknamed "The Mirror" because he reflected readily the viewpoint of individuals and groups around him, he was adaptable. He posed as Hitler, moustache and all, on one occasion before the outbreak of the war in Europe and he could talk in such vaguely expansive and "progressive" terms that the young officers and extreme nationalists regarded him as almost one of them. He was recalled to office when the German knockout blow to France in 1940 opened up alluring prospects to Japan's im-

perialists, and strengthened the pressure of the groups that wanted to go all-out for German models, both in foreign and internal policy.

But in relation to these groups, Konoye's role was that of a brake, not of a leader. Without openly opposing, he contrived to block plans for setting up a one-party state, or for superseding the Diet with a synthetic home-grown fascist organization which called itself the Imperial Rule Assistance Society. He was Premier when the tripartite pact was signed between Japan, Germany and Italy. But he avoided applying this pact for a year and, when the pressure for war became overwhelming, he stepped aside.

Something of a dreamer, although not without a gift for practical politics, Konoye fought in his own mind against the hard reality that Japan's aims on the mainland of Asia could only be realized by subjecting the national existence to the ordeal of prolonged, exhausting and doubtful war. He hoped he could "fix up" the China affair by a personal meeting with Chiang Kai-shek. But the meeting with Chiang never came off; he had to content himself with an inadequate substitute in the Chinese Quisling, Wang Ching-wei, whom he brought over to Japan and conversed with

by means of written characters, since neither could speak the other's language. Konoye also dabbled with the idea that a personal meeting with President Roosevelt would clear up the American-Japanese horizon.

When war with Great Britain and America was clearly in an advanced state of preparation, the aristocrat-Premier bowed himself off the scene. His hope, and the hope of some of his sponsors, that he would stave off war has been frustrated. He is now in retirement, resorting to his favorite game of golf, if the Army has not turned all the golf courses into air fields or ploughed them up for rice-paddies.

II

General Hideki Tojo, Japan's war Premier, has not reached that office because he is a Napoleon, or because he is especially popular with the Army or with the people, or for any other personal reason. He is simply the man whom the Army has delegated to run the state in the present emergency, just as it assigned to General Yamashita the job of conquering Singapore. It might just as well have been Nishio, Itagaki, Terauchi or any one of half a dozen top-ranking military men.

In physique, in temperament, in background and character, Tojo is a great contrast to his aristocratic predecessor. He is the typical Japanese General, well trained in his profession, fit and active through regular exercise in *kendo* (Japanese fencing) and *jujitsu*. He is contemptuous of foreigners and of Japanese who have gone in for the softer foreign ways of living, convinced of Japan's mission of leadership in Asia and equally convinced that Japan, the "Land of Gods," can lick the whole world, if necessary. He is the familiar Japanese officer of the barracks or the parade-ground, rather short in stature, a bit squat but powerful in build, with a voice that has become harsh from barking orders.

Manchuria has meant a good deal in Tojo's career, as it has in that of almost every Japanese General who has climbed to the top rungs of the ladder of military hierarchy. He is not the first political leader who has found that being a good detective is a road to political advancement. In the middle thirties, he was head of the Gendarmerie, the Japanese military equivalent of the Gestapo or the GPU in Manchukuo.

His patrons at that time were two leaders of the Kwantung Army, Japan's force of occupation

in Manchukuo, Seishiro Itagaki and Toshizo Nishio. When Itagaki became War Minister in 1938, Tojo was appointed Vice-Minister. Here he trod heavily and deliberately on the toes of Big Business. He called a meeting of owners and managers of munitions plants and lectured them as if he were laying down the law to a batch of raw recruits. He told them that they were not making good on their job and were placing profits above national interest, and intimated that the Army would find means of putting them in their place.

Japan was not so totalitarian at that time as it became during the last three years. Whispered complaints and discreet wire-pulling obtained a transfer of the blunt General to the leadership of the Army Air Force, a post which he held from 1938 until 1940. What he accomplished there was kept a strict military secret, but the showing of the Japanese air arm during the first three months of the war would indicate that he was an efficient technical organizer. He became War Minister in 1940 and took over the direction of the Japanese state at the moment when the supreme gamble with destiny was decided on in the autumn of 1941.

Tojo has said comparatively little

since the beginning of hostilities. But the fall of Singapore loosened his tongue and, on February 16, he laid before the Diet a scheme of conquest and domination that would have satisfied Japan's wildest dreamers of Pan-Asian hegemony. The régime of Chiang Kai-shek in China was to be liquidated by the closing of the Burma Road and China was then to accept Japanese leadership. Japan was also ready to extend a helping hand to the people of India and to "liberate" the population of the Netherlands Indies. Australia and New Zealand were to become satellite states of the vast Empire of the Rising Sun. Unless the United Nations are able to throw greater forces athwart the path of Japanese expansion, bullet-headed, square-jawed, bellicose General Tojo may tread a path of conquest unequalled by any Asiatic conqueror since the days of Genghiz Khan and Tamerlane.

It is hard for Americans, who think instinctively and sometimes exaggeratedly in terms of individual personality, to appreciate the corporate anonymous collectivism of the Japanese military machine. There is no single figure who dominates the entire picture in the familiar style of a European dictator. The leading Generals rotate between administrative work in

Tokyo and service in Manchukuo and China, and no one gets his hands permanently on all the levers of power. Tojo is not an individual military dictator, but a member of a team; if he should fall out for any reason, there would be others, with practically the same mentality, background and experience — cadet school, Staff College, assignment to Manchukuo — who could take over in his place.

III

Two senior members of the Japanese military team, also men with the Manchukuo stamp, are Toshizo Nishio and Seishiro Itagaki. These two Generals have worked closely together and have shared the plums of high military office in Japan itself, in Manchukuo and in field command in China. I have met them both, Nishio when he was Chief of Staff in Manchukuo, and Itagaki in his office in Tokyo when he held the post of War Minister.

As personalities, these close associates were strongly contrasted and one could readily believe the story that Nishio preferred to concentrate on tactical problems, leaving personnel matters and the task of dealing with the Diet to Itagaki. Nishio is a tall, muscular, taciturn, unsmiling figure. He could not

quite throw me out of his office because I came to him with an introduction from one of his old friends in Japan. But he obviously did not enjoy talking to a foreign journalist and about all I could extract from him was a growling affirmation of intention to "shoot at sight" if the Soviet troops started any trouble on the northern frontier of Manchukuo.

Itagaki, shorter and more rotund, was more amiable and talkative. Unlike Nishio, he conveyed the impression of having some ideas outside the narrow sphere of his profession. He talked at length about Japanese plans for the development of North China, about the possibility of shifting Japan's industries back from a war to a peace basis as soon as the troublesome "China incident" was settled. As War Minister, Itagaki would sometimes address groups of Japanese businessmen. Instead of hectoring them like Tojo, he would rather sing a siren song of unlimited markets and fat profits which would be theirs for the asking when the unreasonable Chinese threw up the sponge.

Another Japanese military leader whom I saw at short range is General Tomoyuki Yamashita, who was in command of the campaign that led to the fall of Singapore.

Military and naval officers, when they would talk at all, they were vastly more uninhibited in their comment than Japanese civilian officials, however high the rank of the latter. My interview with General Yamashita took place in the old Chinese capital of Peking, where he was Chief of Staff of the Japanese armies in North China. I persisted in asking what the General regarded as awkward and ill-timed questions about the difficulties which the Japanese troops were experiencing with Chinese guerillas. "The guerillas are like summer flies," he said impatiently. "They are annoying, but they don't bother us seriously. We just brush them aside."

And finally, he mildly reproved me for not understanding Japan's high purposes in China and the certainty of its ultimate success. General Yamashita has gone far and seen much of the world since in Peking. He went to Berlin with a military mission in the winter of 1940-41, and solemnly presented Adolf Hitler with a *samurai* sword as a testimonial from the "honorary Aryans" of the East. And he has just tasted what is probably the supreme delight of a Japanese soldier: the surrender of an army headed by an Anglo-Saxon General.

A picturesque figure who enjoyed much influence with the younger officers in the early thirties was General Sadao Araki. He tried to expound his high-flown theories of the unique character of Japanese civilization to me in his Tokyo home, surrounded by beautiful old Chinese prints and Japanese armor of the Middle Ages. As educated Japanese have often admitted inability to comprehend just what Araki was driving at, his ideas were naturally rather abstruse and obscure for a foreigner. But he had some of the qualities of a poet and an orator and there was a time when he was considered a possible candidate for dictatorial power. This never occurred. And, like the Governor-General of Korea, Jiro Minami, one of the most intelligent and statesmanlike of Japanese military chieftains, Araki must now be considered a little *passé*, a little crowded into the background by younger men.

A personality whose influence, although mysterious, should not be underrated is old Mitsuru Toyama, head of the Black Dragon Society, most formidable of the nationalist secret organizations that have specialized for generations in plots and murders at home, and aggressive intrigue abroad. I met this leader of extreme nationalism and Pan-

Asianism in his modest Tokyo home and found him a patriarchal, white-bearded figure, dressed in a coarse cotton kimono and squatting on the matting floor with his hands endeavoring to extract a little warmth from a charcoal brazier. It was a nipping Tokyo winter day and Toyama, whose philosophy is opposed to all Western sybaritic inventions such as central heating, lived in the most approved Japanese discomfort. Before he talked with me, he held a sort of informal court for some of his retainers and sent them off with cards and letters of recommendation to the South Manchuria Railway and other organizations. It would have been a bold man, one suspects, who would have turned down an application signed by Mitsuru Toyama. Rightly or wrongly his name has been connected with many actual or attempted assassinations and he has enjoyed an extra-legal status.

Toyama talked to me in Buddhist platitudes about the desirability of peace among men and nations. I struck fire from him only once, when I asked his opinion about Pan-Asianism.

"Asia must be for the Asiatics," he said. "The day of white rule in the East is nearly ended. If necessary, we will send our troops to help the peoples of the Philippines,

India and the Netherlands Indies to free themselves.”

Toyama today may be holding wassail with some of the assorted potential Quislings — Filipinos, Malays, Hindus — whom the Japanese were thoughtfully collecting over a period of many years.

IV

The Navy contributes its share of Japan's ruling class. The impression has sometimes prevailed among foreigners that the Navy is pacific and reasonable, while the Army is bellicose and truculent. There is a difference between the two services in the sense that Navy officers are usually selected from more well-to-do and educated families. The Army, on the other hand, has always taken a good many of its junior officers from the impoverished country gentry, who are sometimes little better off materially than their peasant neighbors. So it is natural that there has been more social radicalism, more hatred of the wealthy city classes in the Army than in the Navy.

But in nationalist fanaticism, in belief that Japan can beat the whole world, in readiness, if necessary, to go down with his sinking ship shouting “May the Emperor live ten thousand years!” your

Japanese naval officer yields nothing to his Army colleague. The Navy has long been looking forward to The Day when Japan would strike for mastery in the South Pacific and the most popular reading among young naval officers has been books and pamphlets elaborating imaginary future wars in which such enemy strongholds as Hong Kong, Manila, Singapore, Hawaii and the Panama Canal are reduced by the Japanese warships.

The most articulate spokesman and probably the strongest personality in the Navy is Admiral Nobumasa Suetsugu, who has held various high naval commands, filled the post of Minister of the Interior at one time, and been an active sponsor of the Imperial Rule Assistance Association. Suetsugu's principal objective in life was to undermine and destroy the system of all-round naval limitation which was established at the Washington Conference in 1922.

With two or three other correspondents, of whom one was a Dutchman, I interviewed Suetsugu in his office when he was Home Minister. The doughty Admiral promptly launched into the familiar dissertation on Japan's need for *Lebensraum* and its mission of leading the Asiatic peoples. He had just published an article strongly

intimating the inevitability of a clash between Japan and Great Britain. The Foreign Office repudiated it shamefacedly. But there was no repudiation from Suetsugu himself. The Dutch correspondent suggested that the Netherlands Indies would be too thickly populated for Japanese settlement.

"Oh, no," was Suetsugu's bland response. "New Guinea would be excellent. We could place many settlers there."

And he delivered a brief lecture on the geography, economy and strategic location of the Netherlands Indies which could scarcely have been reassuring to the readers of my colleague's Dutch newspaper. Suetsugu bobbed up as a contributor to the American press two weeks before Pearl Harbor. He announced, in a signed article for the Associated Press, that Japan would fight rather than allow itself to be balked in China. It is a pity that our military and naval commanders were not more inclined to take him at his word.

Less vocal and less politically minded than Suetsugu, but probably an abler naval strategist is Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto, who worked out the complicated strategic preparation for the raid on Pearl Harbor. Admiral Yamamoto has held in rotation many of the

highest commands in the Japanese Navy. A rather small man physically, even for a Japanese, with a deeply lined, weather-beaten face, he hates the West with the double hatred of a race-conscious Oriental and of a professional Japanese Navy leader to whom "the enemy" has always been the Anglo-Saxon powers, with their former assured position of naval domination.

While I was in Tokyo, at the time of the lapse of the Washington Treaty, Admiral Yamamoto was interviewed by one of the more sensational Tokyo newspapers. He delivered himself of some high-flown sentiments to the general effect that Japanese should not worry about the economic superiority of England and America. A Japanese, with his incomparable national spirit, even armed with a short dagger, could defeat an enemy with a long sword.

In Admiral Yamamoto, as in many other Japanese fighting men, high technical proficiency goes hand in hand with ideas that seem medieval and fantastic.

An important braintruster for the Navy is Admiral Gumppei Sekine, one of Japan's most prolific writers on naval affairs. In his then rank of Captain, he was press spokesman for the Navy when I first went to Japan, and was one of

the first persons with whom I talked in the Japanese capital after I arrived there in 1935. What I remember best about this interview was Sekine's emphasis on "Nihon Seishin" ("Japanese Spirit") and his fanatical insistence that this "spirit" would outweigh the material resources of Japan's enemies.

Sekine, incidentally, gave one of the most complete blueprints of what Japan finally did that one could well imagine in print. Writing in the Japanese magazine *Totai Riku* early in 1941, he insisted that the time to strike was in the near future, and the place Singapore. America, he declared, could not swing a two-ocean war; concentration on the Atlantic would leave Japan a free hand in the Pacific, while the Axis could raid the Americas if the American fleet were concentrated in the Pacific. And he led up to the following prophetic recommendation:

We should not look furtively to the right or to the left, but go south without hesitation. To go south is the solution of all our problems, — in respect to the United States, the Soviet Union, China, Europe and the domestic situation; we can kill five birds with one stone.

Again it seems a pity that so few Americans read Japanese, or even translations from Japanese.

Civilians in Japan are very much

in the background just now. But two men whose views and personalities make them influential are Yosuke Matsuoka and Toshio Shiratori. Matsuoka, Foreign Minister at the time of the conclusion of the tripartite pact, is an alumnus of the University of Oregon, speaks English fluently and colloquially, and cherishes for the United States a curious mixture of admiration and hatred. The admiration is for the country's bigness and industrial efficiency, the hatred is for the race prejudice, of which he experienced some personal effects. Considerations of prestige required the dropping of Matsuoka from the Konoye Cabinet after Hitler attacked Russia, but he will most probably appear somewhere in Japan's new scheme of empire.

Toshio Shiratori, a diplomat who has been Assistant Minister of Foreign Affairs and Ambassador to Stockholm and Rome, is one of the most cynical, logical and intelligible exponents of Japanese imperialism. He puts in clear understandable English, which he speaks quite well, what most Japanese, whether men of the sword or men of the pen, are more disposed to express in cloudy generalities. "If England can hold India with seventy thousand soldiers, why can't we hold China with two hundred thou-

sand?" he said to me once during a long talk in the Tokyo Club. He was a popular spokesman for the Foreign Office in the days of the Manchurian crisis, because he had a way of saying things that made the front pages. When asked by an American correspondent whether Japan would recognize Manchukuo in the near future, he snapped back: "We are in no hurry. We have no canal to build, as you did in Panama." This bluntness often created headaches for the higher-ups in the Gaimusho (the Japanese Foreign Office) and Shiratori gave way to more reticent spokesmen.

Baron Kiichiro Hiranuma, Japanese *Statthalter* for the Philippines, is an old-fashioned conservative Japanese who rated as an arch-reactionary in the far-off days when there was some organized liberalism in Japan, but who was nearly assassinated not long ago because he did not step up his pace to match that of the fascist-minded young officers. Moderates like the Minister of the Court, Tsuneo Matsudaira, former Ambassador to London and Washington, and the Lord Privy Seal, Count Yuasa, are so far submerged by the present trend of events that they are scarcely proper figures in a discussion of Japan's ruling group.

If they survive the vicissitudes of the war, they may emerge to salvage what is left of Japan.

Not so completely submerged, but still definitely subordinate, are the captains of industry and finance, men like Seihin Ikeda, who runs one of the biggest trusts in the world as manager of the complicated and interlocking enterprises of the House of Mitsui. The Japanese capitalist class has not been liquidated *à la Russe*. Japan's military overlords have rather employed the technique of Hitler and Mussolini. The lords of wealth in the Island Empire have been tamed by a few suggestive assassinations and put to work at managing and bookkeeping jobs in the military state-socialist set-up. They are taking orders, not giving them. In Japan, as practically everywhere else in the world since 1914, politics has proved itself the master of economics.

Such then are the men who are running Japan. One could cite other names, but the types have been indicated. Just as in a well-organized team or orchestra, there are leading and subordinate figures. But no one is irreplaceable and no single individual is overwhelmingly dominant. For Japan is that curious political phenomenon, a dictatorship without a dictator.

THE STATE OF THE UNION

By EUGENE LYONS

THE NEW GEOGRAPHY — If we were asked which of all the studies on the curriculum of our public schools we considered most vital at the present juncture of human affairs, we should answer without hesitation: *geography*. That, it seems to us, supersedes even the three R's in its importance for sheer survival. In a world made constantly narrower by mechanical progress, geographical illiteracy is a species of blindness. Certainly those of us today who lack some basic familiarity with continents, oceans, distances, climates, mountain chains, deserts, jungle lands, sea routes, air routes, etc. must grope through current events like men with blurred sight.

Geographical illiteracy, more than any other single factor, is to blame for the deep-seated isolationist smugness that kept our country defenseless in an epoch of violence and sudden aggressions. We refer not alone to the political isolationism of recent memory — most of which was blasted out by the bombs that fell on Pearl Harbor — but to the psychological isolationism, the sense of remote-

ness from the rest of the world deriving from our whole education and our national habits of thought. Not even our gigantic preparations for far-flung global conflict have as yet cracked the hard shell of complacency — what Homer Lea calls “the valor of distance” — based on geographical illusions.

We suspect the American people would have been less frivolous in the face of a spreading conflagration, and better prepared for the present crisis, if they had been more intimately aware of such simple facts as these: that Asia and North America are separated only by a few miles of water; that New York is about a thousand miles closer to the Azores than to San Francisco; that the United States is farther from Brazil than Africa is; that the shortest route between America and Japan is by way of Alaska (and the route runs both ways); that the North Pole region offers potential short cuts between the Old and the New Worlds; and a thousand other elementary facts about the surface patterns on “the spinning and forgotten cinder of this earth.”

The new geography that will be taught to our children will break through the tyranny of labels to the truth that there are no boundaries on this globe. For all things on the swirling speck flow into one another inextricably and forever. The oceans and the seas, despite the multitude of their names, are a single and continuous water, interrupted here and there by a few islands which we have called the Americas, Eurasia-Africa and Australia. And enveloping them all, deeper than the waters and not even broken by islands or protrusions is the "air ocean," to use Major Seversky's phrase. The trouble with place-names is that they emphasize separate identity in a world which is one and indivisible. The new geography will make it clear that oceans and straits and channels do not *divide* but *connect* places. And it will measure distances in hours rather than in miles, using the fastest airplane extant as its yardstick.

NOTE ON A BEST-SELLER — The most influential books are those that aren't read. They're quoted, misquoted, bandied vaguely in argument, hurled in polemic defiance — they're even bought or borrowed — but not read. Witness Plato's *Republic*, Machiavelli's *The*

Prince, Marx's *Das Kapital*, *Mein Kampf*. Without implying for a split second that it is in the same class, consider *Mission to Moscow* by ex-Ambassador Joseph E. Davies.

At this writing, around forty thousand copies have been sold. A fair estimate would be that ten per cent, or four thousand, have plowed far enough through its incredibly dull pages to qualify, by generous definition, as having read it. A fairer estimate, based on reading a batch of typical reviews, is that the industrious four thousand does not include many reviewers. An obvious fact is that the fellows who wrote the dust-jacket blurb and newspaper ads for the volume likewise have not read it. (That is the kindest assumption.)

Yet the influence of the book spreads in ever-widening circles: from misleading blurbs to hurried or wishful thinking or plain propagandist reviews, to blurred misquotations in speeches and articles, to murky hearsay — and beyond that to the flourishing myth that somehow, somewhere, someone proved something which miraculously restored Stalin to full respectability. Tens of thousands who don't quite recall the name of the book have had their bruised faith in communism healed through its mystic emanations, and a couple

of millions, we surmise, have been touched by a nebulous feeling that Sovietism ain't so bad after all — look what Ambassador Hoozit says somewhere.

During a recent lecture tour, we were asked repeatedly to square our statements on the Great Experiment with *Mission to Moscow*. In every case, it appeared quickly enough that the challengers had not read the book, but had merely heard distorted echoes of the ads and the reviews. They were amazed to learn that Mr. Davies' collection of oddments yields support for nearly any view of the Soviet blessings. The Wisconsin lawyer, though pathetically confused, is not wholly to blame for the astute advertising, the obtuse reading notices and the lunatic legends springing from his book.

By counter-questioning, we learned that *Mission to Moscow*, among those who haven't read it and have therefore been profoundly affected by it, is supposed to "prove" that Stalinism is a species of democracy; that the Moscow Trials were "fair" and the million or so victims of the Soviet purges low Fifth Columnists; that the book contained all of the author's secret reports to the State Department; that it had the all-out approval of the President, etc.

Not one of these things, alas, is true.

The President has never approved the book. At the time of the Ambassador's retirement, two years ago, Mr. Roosevelt wrote him one of those back-patting letters that Presidents write to political friends on such occasions. It is this mildewed communication that the advertisements have quoted without date or explanation, so that it seems a full endorsement of *Mission to Moscow*.

Of Mr. Davies' reports to Washington, duly numbered, less than 4 per cent — about fifty out of 1200 — are quoted, and not in full either. They are for the most part rambling notes reflecting the latest Moscow table talk and the impressions of an exceedingly untrained observer on tourist trips. I am willing to wager a life subscription to The AMERICAN MERCURY against a copy of the *Daily Worker* that if we had the other 96 per cent to draw on, we could prove any thesis on any aspect of Soviet life.

The blurbists will be grateful to learn, in the interests of veracity, that Mr. Davies does not, as they assert, tell "a new story for the first time." He tells a patchwork of old stories which have been far better told by others a great many times, adding little but his diplo-

matic prestige and some addled grammar. In particular, they overshoot the mark in promising prospective readers "an entirely new angle on the famous and puzzling treason trials" and in asserting, confidently, that "it is now clear that these trials scotched Hitler's fifth column in Russia."

Mr. Davies presents nothing remotely approximating new proofs or even any unique "angle" on the old proofs. On the contrary, he is honest enough to confess that his doubts on the trials and their attendant terror were resolved three years after the facts by sheer intuition somewhere in or near Chicago: "There came a flash to my mind," as he puts it. Only after this delayed-action intuitive explosion, frankly innocent of logic or coherence, did he become certain about the full import of the horrifying mass purges. There is not even an indication that in the intervening years he had studied the verbatim trial records available in English or the meticulously documented analysis of the record made by a committee headed by Professor John Dewey. The on-the-spot reports offered by Mr. Davies before the great Chicago revelation are just about what one

might expect from a foreigner peering in bewilderment across the deep chasm of a foreign language and the deeper chasms of strange ideas and total ignorance of the whole historical background.

As to the savor and substance of Stalin's democracy, we could quote, from here to the end of the magazine, passages conveying Mr. Davies' quite natural American revulsion against totalitarian terror, pervasive fears and general poverty. It is not too presumptuous to guess that the unpublished 96 per cent, the unquoted sections of his diary and personal correspondence would provide even more harrowing reflections of this phase of the Soviet reality than are contained in the book itself.

As long as the book remains unread, the waves of its influence are likely to spread and spread. In the end, its author, a gregarious Rotarian who would hate to remain a minority of one, will come to believe that his book really contains what it is generally believed to contain. The thing no doubt will go on and on until, out of sheer curiosity, the publishers and their blurb artists force themselves to read the volume and are moved to explode the fantasy.



A PARTIN' IN SMOKY HOLLER

A Story

BY MAY KENNEDY McCORD

IT WAS a hot July afternoon and the little squint-eyed courthouse in the Ozark Mountain crossroads town of Binger was crowded to the door jambs. Tightwad Souders and Americky, his woman, were in the throes of a divorce and Americky had come into the courtroom with a crusading look in her eye.

For that matter, Tightwad and Americky were always a partin' an' goin' back together again. Their marriage was a movable institution. Hardly would Tightwad get things fixed up between them, get back on the forty and get Americky in a good humor again to the point of baking sweet cakes for him and shingling his hair on Sunday, when she would fly off the handle about something or other and run him bodily off the place again. It was even norated around that Americky had sewed him up in a stout sheet once when he was sleeping off an overdose of mountain bug juice, and whipped him till his

own mammy wouldn't know him. This was norated around but not sworn to by anybody. But they had Americky's word for it and she displayed the piece of scantling she had done the job with.

"Here I work jist like a man a diggin' a ditch, from kin see to kain't see, and Tightwad — cuss his ol' hide, why he hain't worth the patchin' on his britches! All he married me for, anyway, was my farm!"

That riled Tightwad. "Farm, the devil!" he shouted. "You couldn't raise hell on the whole forty with a barr'l of whiskey!"

The July sun angled itself in the small window on the west. Outside the breeze was hot with heavy tillage. The lookers-on fanned themselves with their hats and hunkered toward the bench expectantly. Buck Phillips, jackleg lawyer that he was, could nevertheless fix up matters of this kind better than anyone in all the parts round about from Stillhouse Holler

to the county seat. He sat now on an old swag-bottom hickory chair facing his honor the court. In a soul-sweating manner, he argued with Mrs. Souders, trying to get her to come to some sort of agreement with her man about the property.

As to the property, there wasn't much property to speak of. A wagon and two mules. Some hens. A crop of 'lasses cane coming on and forty acres of ground on an up-hill clearing. There was a good saddle always hanging on the front porch. A fiddle on the fireboard. A high-backed "Chicago Cottage" organ in the settin' room and some enlarged pictures of doubtful looking forebears.

Then, there was a milk cow. This cow was a mighty important part and parcel in the affairs of Souders versus Souders, because Tightwad always hung to her with a tenacity worthy of a loyal Ozark hillbilly. When he left the woman he always took his cow with him. Mostly for cussedness she said, but he seemed to have a fondness for the easy-going old white critter. Her gentle spirit was restful, especially after Americky had "throwed two fits and a bad spell," as he called her tantrums. After one of these spells, the neighbors down the road would look out the window and behold a

belligerent Tightwad leading his old cow to the little crossroads town where he sought sanctuary with his married daughter by his first woman. True to schedule, in a week or two Americky would have business in town. She and Tightwad would get to eyeing each other afar off and the next thing you knew, Tightwad would be going back to the farm, leading the old cow. The upshot of this was that he led her back and forth so many times that some tricky boys got together one moonless night and shod her with mule shoes.

Then there was another item. Tightwad had some quilts which his grandmammy Souders had handed down to him. He always strapped the five quilts on the back of the white cow when he led her back and forth during his "biggity, uppity spells," as Americky called them. The last time the cow and the bed quilts had made the four-mile trek, his daughter looked down the flinty, narrow road and heaved a sigh.

"I'll swan to goodness, Pap, there you come ag'in with them durn quilts fer me to wash an' sun all over. You'll wear 'em threadbare a packin' 'em back an' forrards. Cain't you leave 'em at home till you make up your mind what you're a aimin' to do?"

"Now Minty, your grandmammy made them quilts and I'm not a goin' to leave 'em out there fer Americky's big truck-an-trundle-bed brothers to lay under. The minnit I git gone they're right there a eatin' offen her. They've got their big feet under my table a heap oftener than I have myself."

II

And so, the worldly goods of Tightwad and Americky cut a big figure in the court proceedings. Americky sat straight and stiff on the witness bench. She informed the court, the lawyers and the hangers-around that she'd jist as soon wade in right now an' git her feet wet as further up the creek. And she meant it.

"Now listen, Mrs. Souders," argued Buck Phillips. "We hain't gettin' nowheres. Don't you think you had better let this unpleasant doin's lay over till the spring term, then you can bring it up ag'in. You're all het up about it now, Americky, and besides, by the almanac, the signs just ain't right for divorcin' proceedin's. The sign is in the middlin's and a goin' down. I never could have no luck a straightenin' out these matters for one party or the tother between a man and a woman, unless the sign is in the head. The reason is that it

takes cool calculatin'. Yes, sir — cool calculatin'."

Americky edged her thin body around in the chair. She adjusted her sunbonnet with a worried gesture. Finally she became aware of the bonnet and took it off and laid it in her lap.

"No, sir — I hain't a waitin' for no signs. You can plant your crops and wean your youngens by the signs, but I can settle my argyments with Tightwad Souders jist as good with the signs in the middlin's as anywheres. In the first place, he ain't nothin' but a red-headed hedgehog nohow. For one thing, he's ornery. Downright ornery. He'll do things that's so pesterin' little an' lowdown that if you chawed him up and spit him in a flea's eye, hit wouldn't even bat it!

"Why, Buck, he'll even eat the sugar out of my gourd! He ain't content with short sweetnin', like all his outfit was raised on. We've allus got a plenty of molasses and honey. But that ain't good enough for a fine-haired feller like him. He goes an' eats the long sweetnin' right out of my gourd, I tell ye. Jist like some little spil't youngen.

"An' more than that, he's always a cucklin' me. If he hain't a primpin' up to go to the picnics an' dances an' all the gatherin's he

can hear of — or a goin' over to that ol' strollop's place on Razor Ridge a swappin' calves, then he's tryin' to set up to Beaver's hired gal right under my nose! I've never seen a man with sich a hankerin' for the wimmin. He's got some sort of a flibberty-gibberty petticoat with seven ruffles on it in his mind ever' wakin' minnit. An' if he ain't awake, he snores so loud a body can't bed with him. An' more'n that, he hain't never been no help to me in raisin' the chillern. Why, he never put a hippen on a youngen in his life or fed it a bite of vittels!"

III

Lawyer Buck was stumped. Very leisurely he went into a huddle with himself, having no other counsel with which to huddle. He opened up his saddlebags and took from them his worn old Blackstone, fumbling it intently until the air cleared.

"I know — I know, Americky — they's some matters 'twixt a man an' a woman that ain't never settled either in court or out of it."

He told Americky she might rest a spell and permitted Tightwad to come to the front bench. Lawyer Flint, tall and whang-leathery and possessed of a general misinformed

look, squared himself up to his client, Elisha Azariah Souders, or Tightwad. Josh Flint addressed a few words to his opponent, Buck Phillips, who had once said of Josh that he couldn't replevin a bull calf in justice court without lookin' in a book.

Tightwad had his troubles, which so far he had not had a chance to air. He complained that Americky, among other things, couldn't cook a bite fitten fer a man to eat. That she kept her two overgrown, hulky brothers there to eat up every bite he fetched in. And then, climax of all climaxes — he said she didn't never fix herself up none and was so ugly she looked like a booger! His complaints were soon over, leaving still more difficult matters to be adjusted by legal procedure. The booger business not only flabbergasted his lawyer, but it quite dazed the court.

Americky was again called to the stand. Things began to get hotter and she dispensed with all formalities as she saw she had the inside track.

"Why I tell you, Buck Phillips," she contended, "he's got a chip on his shoulder half the time, jist a banterin' me to knock it off. He's so tetchous that no woman that ever dug a hill of taters could live with

him or abide him. He won't take no reasonin' atall. He jist sul's like a possum at nothin'. Last week I was jist a-talkin' in a calm sort of way about that no 'count strollop over on the Ridge —" and she ventured a glance at Tightwad — "I said I didn't see what in kingdom come he ever seed about *her*. Her face was so ugly hit was pizen an' she sure didn't have no purty make.

"Then what do you think that no 'count skunk said? He up an' says that I didn't have no tongue a comin' about any woman's make, *for I was nothin' but a gimlet-geared ol' slim board myself!* Now Buck Phillips, if you think I'm a goin' to live with any ol' devil an' take that kind of jaw, you'll have to do your thinkin' all over ag'in."

His honor rapped. He cleared the tumor-like wad out of his left jaw and informed the lawyers that it was getting near time to close the afternoon session. He reminded the parties most concerned that personalities would have to be done away with. But his terms were so mouthed and so wrapped up in ambiguity and the juice of the long-green that they were lost on the litigants.

Buck Phillips took a new hitch on his chair. He started a new tack in the wind and now assumed a meek, doormat attitude.

"Now listen, Americky — as a representative of the law in this here community and a fair judge of wimmin, I'd say I reckon Tightwad was jist a little bit mouthy. I'd say you've got as likely a make as the average." Americky relaxed a little. She adjusted a hairpin and smoothed her back hair.

"But men are jist natcherly fractious. It's their nature. They don't mean a half they say. They're jist put together that way. We're all that way —" And he waved a magnanimous hand in a broad sweep over his audience, generously including himself.

"Tightwad Souders thinks a heap of you. He's my client and we have had our set-to confidences. Either you ought to come to some sort of understandin' and go back to him and live in peace and the fear of the Almighty, or else youens ought to fix up matters about the things on the premises and the four-footed critters."

Lawyer Phillips appeared to be inviting trouble. Things threatened to start all over at the beginning, but Americky put in her claims with a dash.

"Well, sir," she agreed, "I'm a goin' to have half the farm an' half the critters. I'm a goin' to have the organ an' the pickchers. I don't want his pickcher with that

seegyar stuck in one corner of his mouth and his hat over on one ear. I'm a goin' to have the dishes an' the bed-stids an' the makin's for 'em. He can have that ol' pot-bellied cow of his'n that he takes around with him. She don't give nothin' but sp'iled milk nohow. Him an' his lovesick calf over on the Ridge can drink it. They're jist as sp'iled as the milk is —" with another sidelin' glance at poor, embarrassed Tightwad.

"As for them quilts his grandmammy made — let him have them, too. I never quilted 'em. Some of his skimmed-milk-an'-punkin outfit done that job. The stitches is so big you git your toenails ketched in 'em. I'm a-goin' to marry ag'in some of these days an' I don't want airy decent respectable man of mine a ketchin' his toenails in the stitches in them bed quilts!"

IV

This was the last straw. If ever a man was mad through and through, that man was Elisha Azariah Souders. This marryin' ag'in business! He hadn't reckoned so much on that. He leaned over to his lawyer. "Tell her to shake a bush and be damned," he fairly spat.

After much maneuvering and pulling of the wool over Americky's

eyes, some sort of a truce was reached and the papers were to be signed and given to her the next morning when court convened again. She arose from her chair and turned to the perspiring Tightwad.

"Well, Tightwad Souders, I'll have my writin's tomorrer mornin' and I'm done with ye. I hope I never set eyes on ye ag'in till I see ye in the middle of the burnin' pits o' the very devil! I've put this divorcin' business over. You're jist a little too slow. You never was on time to nothin' and you won't be on time to your own funeral so's to do any woman any good!" Her long, lean throat worked and she paid no attention to the rappings of the court.

Tightwad spat furiously. "All right, Americky — all right and right back at ye . . . Right back at ye, I say!"

With her heels hitting the ground first, she stalked out of the courtroom, leaving Tightwad as red as a turkey gobbler's snout. She walked straight to old Lazarus, her mule, and nearly jerked the bit from his mouth as she unhitched him from the rack and mounted furiously.

Tightwad's pillow lay hard at his married daughter's that night. The old white cow munched on the

sweet grass near his window and the moonlight tormented him. This time the old cow was no comfort. He was jittery. Like flies on a bake-shop window, he wasn't satisfied in or out. Everything might have gone off fit as a fiddle if Americky hadn't been so glib about that marryin' ag'in business. And that business about not wantin' her next man's toenails ketched in them bed quilts.

Over and over as he rolled and wadded his pillow, he saw Rance Bearden's likely legs stalking across his well-cleared and stocked forty acres joining the forty which a perspiring court had just that afternoon divided between him and Americky. What would Tightwad's half amount to with nobody to bake sweet cakes for him and shingle his hair nice and even on Sundays?

Rance Bearden was a hard worker. He had buried his wife a year ago and he had been letting Americky milk one of his Jersey cows on the shares. She churned the gold-flecked butter for him regularly and handed it across the fence and now and then Rance brought his brass pail and carried home the fresh buttermilk. Marryings had developed from a heap less things than buttermilk.

Next morning Tightwad was

knocking at Buck Phillips' door before seven o'clock.

"Buck, I wish Americky had a let the partin' go over till the spring term of court. Maybe I'd order help her gather in the cane this fall and get the 'lasses made. You know the chillern hain't a lot of help and Americky hain't been as well as common here lately."

The lawyer had a small devil in the corner of his eye. He stepped to the little porch and motioned Tightwad after him.

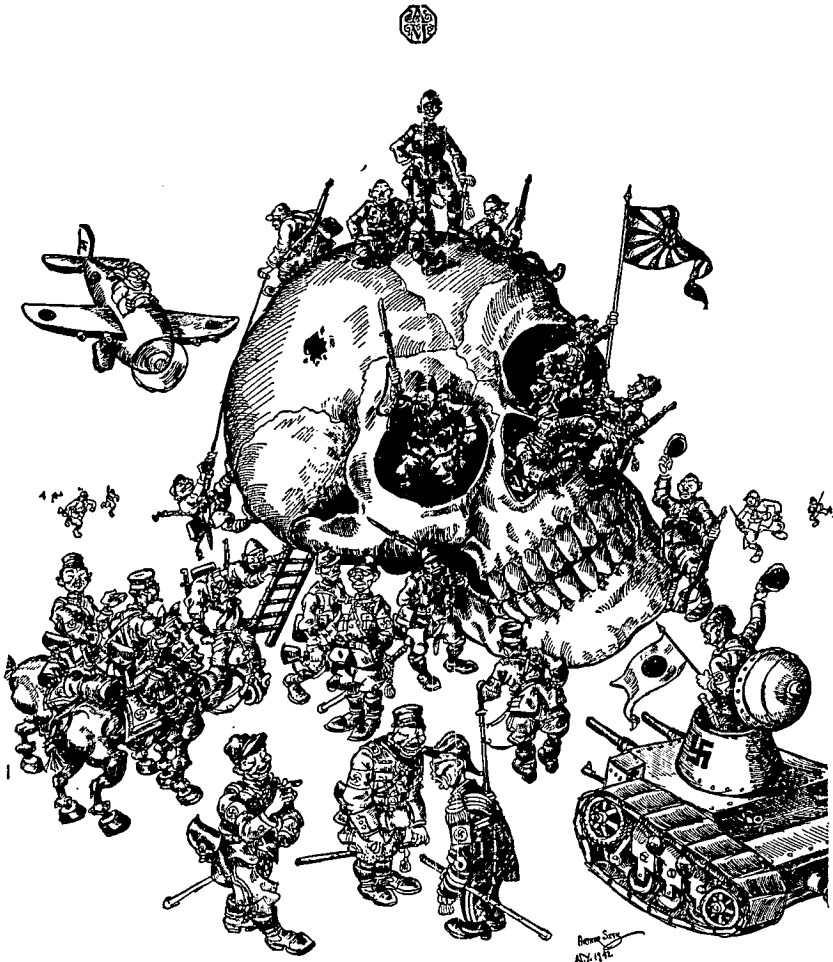
"Souders, do you see a goin' yonder? That's your boy, Otho. He just went out the back door as you come in the front. His mammy sent him to tell me that she had dropped her lower teeth in the well, and wouldn't I hunt up Tightwad and ask him to come out for a spell and help her get 'em out. She don't know where you put the grab-hooks, she says."

Buck rubbed his chin and waited a minute. Then he sidled up to Tightwad and said, low and tricky, "Tightwad, don't you reckon she dropped 'em in on purpose?"

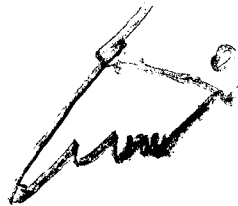
Without another word, Tightwad Souders turned and walked out through the paling gate. Buck went into the house and drank his coffee and ate his good wife's biscuits. The clock struck eight. He

picked up his frazzled old Blackstone between whose covers lay all his law and gospel. As he stopped a moment in the gateway, he looked away in the distance and saw a sturdy, red-mustached, jolly-rover

sort of hillbilly going over the hill on his way to Smoky Holler. He was leading a gentle old cow, shod with mule shoes, and on her back were strapped the five despised Souders quilts.



► *His countrymen don't know him —
but Nazis and Japs know him well.*



AMERICAN PROPHET OF TOTAL WAR

BY VALERIU MARCU

REFERRING to the Philippines, a book published thirty-two years ago declared:

The conquest of these islands by Japan will be less of a military undertaking than was the seizure of Cuba by the United States; for while Santiago de Cuba did not fall until nearly three months after the declaration of war, Manila will be forced to surrender in less than three weeks.

If this were a fortuitous guess by a crystal gazer, it could be dismissed as a freak of luck. But it was a judgment embedded in a detailed scientific analysis of the strategic picture in the Pacific by a man who traced the bloody lines of the present struggle with uncanny accuracy. This same man foresaw the first World War as an obvious climax to the trends of his day, and warned that it would not necessarily be decisive: "One war if England is destroyed; a series if she is victorious."

The man was Homer Lea, regarded by the Nazi school of "geopolitics" as one of its major prophets, long prescribed study for Japanese and German militarists — and

virtually unknown in his native United States. The fact that he was ignored by his own country did not surprise him. It merely confirmed his main thesis: that America, having grown rich and complacent, was ripe for picking.

"The modern American's conception of military efficiency is but a succession of heroics culminating in victory," he wrote, adding: "The self-deception of a nation concerning its true militant strength increases at the same ratio as its actual militant capacity decreases." And a few pages farther on: "This Republic, drunk only with vanity of its resources, will not differentiate between them and actual power. Japan, with infinitely less resources, is militarily forty times more powerful." With no hope of being heard, Homer Lea pleaded in the first decade of this century for compulsory military service, national discipline and patriotism; and he inveighed against the "commercialism" and pride of wealth which, he believed, were softening his country for collapse.

Even during the first World War, Lea's books (and books about him) were published by the German General Staff. One of the most prominent exponents of German expansionist politics, Count Reventlow, introduced the American prophet of total war to the German public in a long foreword. Lea's ideas were discussed at length in German military periodicals and he became a recognized authority on military politics. More than that, a definite effort was made to popularize his theories, especially his slogan: "To speak of the end of all wars is like speaking of the end of all earthquakes." His theory that the convergence and intersection of lines emanating from centers of power enable us to foresee the theatres of future wars is regarded as the ABC of their science by the professors of "geo-politics."

To the writer's personal knowledge, leading Europeans interested in the problems of war had Homer Lea's works readily at hand. In 1916, I saw Lea's *The Valor of Ignorance* on the desk of Lenin in Zurich. "This book will some day be studied by thousands of people," Lenin told me. I saw it on the desk of General von Seeckt, the great German general. "This Lea is astounding," he told me. "Do you know who he is? I have rarely en-

countered a writer who made one feel so strongly that he carried the burden of a whole continent on his shoulders."

It is significant that today more and more Americans are becoming aware of their own theoretician of total war. There have been a few articles recently. One of his books is being revived by Harper & Brothers, his original publishers. The man who declared that war is not a mistake in politics but the culmination of politics — whose views therefore represent the antithesis of wishful thinking pacifism — was an American, born in Denver, Colorado, on November 17, 1876.

II

A member of Homer Lea's family on the paternal side distinguished himself as a general in the Civil War. On his mother's side, he came of pioneer stock. His parents were poor and he himself was a sickly child, bed-ridden during the first years of his life. The hope of recovery as he grew up proved illusory. He remained puny, hunch-backed and in need of constant care. Psychologists may make what they will of the boy's early obsession with military affairs.

At public school he was a good

pupil, displaying an exceptional memory. But young Homer was often absent-minded. Dreamy and self-absorbed, he seemed to stray in lands far from his teachers and schoolmates. By making heavy sacrifices, his family sent him to college. Homer Lea studied at the University of the Pacific, Occidental College and Leland Stanford University. Pale, sickly, deformed, he dreamed, in supreme paradox, of a military career! On top of it all, he began to suffer from eye trouble.

The more completely he was debarred from physical participation in the military life, the more time he spent in the ranks of the great armies of the past. His "mania" for military subjects became a byword and a source of amusement among his fellow students. They accused him of knowing all the battles of history and the names of every fallen officer since the days of ancient Rome. Homer met jibes with a faith in himself that appeared strange to his contemporaries. "Wherever people fight there is a chance for a born leader," he declared.

Forced to leave college studies by a lack of funds and by illness, he went to San Francisco. This was in 1899. At that time, across the vast Pacific, opposition to the Manchu dynasty was growing.

China seethed with unrest. Lea sold his meager belongings and, by borrowing and begging, collected enough money for passage to China. The din of battle in a strange country lured him irresistibly. For many years, he had been studying Chinese with the same patience he devoted to the study of history, geography and philosophy.

General Kung Yo Wei entrusted the young American with the training of recruits. Though Lea did not prove equal to this task, he apparently inspired respect among the enemy, because an Imperial general put a price of \$10,000 on his head. He was compelled to flee. Together with Dr. Sun Yat Sen, founder of modern China, whom he had met previously in San Francisco, he fled to Japan. Together, they finally reached the United States. To the end of his life, the American remained a close friend of the Chinese leader.

Up to this point, Lea was only a dreaming adventurer seeking military laurels to spite an inadequate physique. Now something happened to him. The physical yearnings subsided and his energies turned inward, to mental activity.

In all history, there is only a handful of writings revealing the inner essence of war. The authors

are Thucydides, Caesar, Machiavelli, Jules de Maistre, Clausewitz, Lenin — and Homer Lea. Like those predecessors and contemporaries, Lea saw war not as accidental struggle, but as the expression of an eternal law: a climactic manifestation of life. He saw it as a profound and primitive form of justice — steel triumphant against gold, living muscle against dead weight, passionate discipline against pompous self-satisfaction. He set himself to translate these intuitions, buttressed by immense scholarship, into writing.

In San Francisco, he led an isolated life. His best and only friend, Sun Yat Sen, introduced him to Chinese exiles as “the greatest strategic genius of our time.” When revolution broke out in China and Dr. Sun returned to his native land, Lea went with him. Offered a post as chief of staff for the revolutionary armies, he found it impossible to accept because of his uncertain health and almost total blindness.

Lea returned to America. With the fury and the unsparing whip-words of a prophet, he began to adjure his countrymen to awaken to coming dangers. America’s very greatness inspired him with fear. Do not mistake wealth for power, size for potency, he repeated. “The

first duty a man owes his country is to realize that he cannot liquidate his indebtedness to it by vain complacency.” Few harsher indictments of the “softness” of his country have been made than this by Homer Lea:

High or low, the ambitions of the heterogeneous masses that now riot and revel within the confines of this Republic only regard it in a parasitical sense, as a land to batten on and grow big in, whose resources are not to be developed and conserved for the furtherance of the Republic’s greatness, but only to satisfy the larval greed of those who subsist on its fatness.

He wrote two books: *The Valor of Ignorance*, published in 1909, and *The Day of the Saxon*, published in 1912. The latter book he wrote in feverish haste, knowing that the end was close. He died in Los Angeles on November 1, 1912, at the age of thirty-six. His death, like his life, was practically unnoticed in his own country.

III

To Homer Lea, war between the United States and Japan loomed as inevitable as would a hurricane to a meteorologist:

Strong in faith and in the Red Sun of her Destiny, Japan began more than two decades ago her predetermined march to the Empire of the Pacific. One nation after another, by one means and another, she has removed from her

way. Nothing now remains but the overthrow of this Republic's power in the Pacific. . . . This Republic and Japan are approaching, careless on the one hand and predetermined on the other, that point of contact which is war. . . . It is in this manner Japan prepares, not for war with this nation, but for victory over it.

In the aftermath of Pearl Harbor, one is shocked to find these words in Lea's detailed forecast:

In a war with Japan there are other conditions of preparedness that will augment the rapidity of her conquest — viz.,⁷ the movement of her troops and naval forces to positions adjacent to the theatre of war prior to a formal declaration of hostilities. This initiative is characteristic of Japanese military activity. . . .]

Lea opposed the British policy of support for Japan, regarding it as sheer madness. Great Britain, he said, was building up her future Nemesis. A geographer by instinct, he knew everything when he saw a map. Thus, he was able to write, in 1909, referring to the Russo-Japanese war:

Subsequent to this war, the strategic position of the British Empire in the Pacific becomes so vulnerable as to be subject to the will of Japan. And as in the same manner Wei-Hai-Wei is now rendered useless by Port Arthur, Korea and the Japanese Isles, so will Hong Kong be wedged in between Formosa and the Philippines, Singapore segregated, and Australia cut off from North America.

Bitterly and in sorrow he spoke

of "the Republic's indifference to the development and potentialities of Japan, its submersion in the ebb and flux of party politics, its heterogeneous racial elements, the supremacy of the individual over the welfare of the nation, and, finally, the nation's vain and tragic scorn of the soldier. . . ." The growing "femininity" of America, as evidenced in pacifist organizations and vague do-good movements was the particular target of Homer Lea's acid prose. His prescription for America included universal military service, construction of strategic railroads and conscious militarization of young and old.

The Valor of Ignorance, in which the Japanese-American conflict is outlined, received good reviews in the United States and was promptly forgotten. Only a few professional army men for a while remembered the name of Homer Lea. But in Japan, it produced great agitation. The Japanese behaved as though someone had stolen their most precious secret. The press raised a cry of slander. Anglo-American pacifists took up the cry. One of them, a professor at Stanford, wrote a letter to the *San Francisco Chronicle* denouncing Lea as an imposter who had not even passed his college graduation exams. But

under the public clamor, the book in its Japanese translation was accepted by Nippon's leaders as military gospel.

In his technical and strategic studies, Lea recognized that the world was growing steadily smaller: "Each day mankind is being more crowded and jostled together. In this universal pressure all is in a state of flux. . . . Oceans have become rivers, and kingdoms the environs of a single city. . . ." This shrinkage of the world, he warned, makes America's "valor of distance" — its isolationism, to use a more modern term — a dangerous illusion.

He visualized the new type of soldier and the future methods of warfare. Although many of his specific strategic ideas have been made obsolete by the advent of aviation, the basic concepts which he propounded sound more true today than they did when he wrote:

Battles are no longer the spectacular heroics of the past. The army of today and tomorrow is a sombre, gigantic machine devoid of all melodramatic heroics, but in itself all-heroic, silent and terrible: a machine that requires years to form its separate parts, years to assemble them together, and other years to make them work smoothly and irresistibly. Then, when it is set into motion, naught shall stop it but a similar machine stronger and better.



Drawn by Saul Steinberg

WHAT'S YOUR FEE, DOCTOR?

BY MILES ATKINSON, M.D.

WHAT is a reasonable fee for a doctor to charge his patient? What should a patient expect to pay his doctor for any particular service? These questions crop up constantly in medical practice and are very difficult to answer. The whole problem of the cost of medical care, for all classes of the community, bristles with difficulties. That problem is the main reason for the trend of thought in this country towards some form of state-aided medicine. As things stand at present, the only people who can comfortably afford to be ill are paupers and millionaires. In this article, however, I am not concerned with any ideal scheme to eliminate these difficulties, but with conditions as they are, with medicine as it is practiced and paid for under the current system.

Under that system, how are fees assessed? The patient often wonders — and so does the doctor.

Here is a case which came to knowledge recently. A man was troubled with that common, distressing and rather plebeian com-

plaint, piles. He consulted a specialist in rectal diseases, who advised injection treatment and quoted a fee of \$250. This, the patient felt, was for the moment beyond his means and he decided to defer the matter. Soon thereafter he had occasion to consult a surgeon in another town on some other matter, and chanced to mention his piles. He also indicated that he had been compelled to postpone treatment because he could not afford it, but that now the ailment was troubling him again. Could he have something to tide him over? The doctor replied that injections would be the most effective way and that, after all, they were not so very expensive. He would give them himself if the patient wished. Asked the fee, he quoted \$15, or "I'll do it for ten if fifteen is more than you can manage!"

That story is true. And when you hear such stories, you are not surprised that people are confused and that the whole question of setting and collecting fees is so difficult. It is made even more

difficult by such gross disparities. The patient becomes increasingly suspicious and is apt to wonder, whenever the fee asked is a large one, whether he is being overcharged. The doctor is put in the position of asking a reasonable fee and having it disputed, or of charging a high one (on the principle that you can always come down but can never go up), being paid it, and subsequently having a disgruntled patient who has found him out.

When such extremes as \$15 and \$250 are quoted for the same service by two apparently competent men, patients begin to wonder if there is not something wrong with the economics somewhere. And they are right. There undoubtedly is something very wrong that has to be put right quickly if the medical profession is going to regain the public confidence which it has been steadily losing these past twenty years.

Sharp practice has crept into medicine as it has into the law, through persons who regard these professions not as the social services they are, but as methods of making the largest possible profit in the shortest possible time. Now that the period of exploitation of natural resources for private gain has come practically to an end, the enterprising prospector with an

eye to the main chance has turned from digging gold out of the earth to digging it out of the pockets of those who acquired it. The professions have provided a happy hunting ground for some of these gentry. The profits may not be quite so big, but they are fairly easily come by if you make fees "all that the traffic will bear."

There are one or two things — let us call them general principles — which patients and doctors alike have to realize and remember in this matter of charging for medical services.

The patient must realize that he is paying for a great deal more than appears on the surface. He is paying for knowledge which has been acquired only through a long and expensive training, experience acquired in the usual hard school, the overhead expenses of running a practice (which are more considerable than the layman is aware) and for the large amount of work which doctors have to do for nothing in the conditions under which medicine is practiced at present.

Even so simple a matter as giving an injection involves all these things. But leaving out such obvious items as overheads and reimbursement for charity work, the doctor still is entitled to charge for much more than merely giving the

injection, which is very simple and can be taught to anyone in a few minutes. He has to know what to give, how much to give, when to give it and, just as important, when not to — and all that is experience and legitimately chargeable.

There is a Whistler story which admirably expresses the point. He had haled Ruskin into court on a libel charge. The Attorney General asked Whistler how long it had taken him to paint the picture. "About two days," he replied. "And do you mean to say that you are asking two hundred guineas for two days' work?" the Attorney General asked. "No," answered Whistler, "I ask it for the knowledge of a lifetime." (Applause from the spectators.)

As regards the doctor, he is in a position of trust and betrayal of trust is the unforgivable sin. The patient has no knowledge, and can have no knowledge, of what a particular medical service is worth. He has to rely upon his doctor and the doctor who takes advantage of the confidence placed in him is not worthy of his cap and gown. Unfortunately, except in particularly flagrant cases, the only court able to adjudicate such a break of trust is the court of the doctor's own conscience and obviously, under

the circumstances, that is not apt to be particularly sensitive.

Doctors might keep in mind, too, that high fees tend to produce their own remedy. Patients eventually come to have knowledge of them and go elsewhere. That would not matter at all if it were only the individual doctor who suffered, but the whole medical profession suffers. The patient departs with anger in his heart, damns doctors and all their works to his friends, and so contributes to a general distrust. It is not diminished when the patient finds, as he does too often, that the size of the fee is not necessarily a guide to the quality of the service. Good medicine always costs money; it is bound to because it takes a lot of that very expensive commodity, time. But the best doctors are not necessarily those who charge the highest fees.

As a man of integrity and understanding, the good doctor combines a proper appreciation of the value of his own services with an understanding of his patient's point of view. His fee, therefore, will be adequate without being exorbitant.

II

However, no matter how honest a doctor may be, he still finds diffi-

culty in setting fees. Not so much for the ordinary, everyday services that he renders, for those are fairly standardized. It is when he comes to less standardized procedures that he confronts his real difficulty. He has to consider not only how much *he* considers the job is worth but what the *patient* considers it is worth. It can, for instance, be just as difficult to give an injection into a vein in a patient whose veins are small and scarcely visible, and just as important to make no mistake, as to do a simple appendix operation. Yet, obviously, the fee for the two cannot be the same; unless, of course, the vein to be injected is in a less accessible place than the arm, such as the rectum, and is given a special name like a haemorrhoid.

When it comes, then, to setting values for medical services, it is apparent that the question is extremely difficult. This is largely the fault of the doctors because they have no set scale of values among themselves. It is also, however, the fault of the public to some extent. The public knows that doctors' fees are flexible, as they have to be, because medicine is not a commodity you can do without as you can do without a fur coat if it costs more than you can afford, and some people take advantage of this by plead-

ing for reductions to which they are not entitled. The philosopher shrugs his shoulders, takes it as part of the doctor's job, and being already shorn of any illusions he may have had about his fellow man, forgets about it. The less philosophical physician increases his fees, in the hope, usually vain, that what he loses on the swings he may gain on the roundabouts.

The businessman among them hires an extra secretary, buys some expensive-looking apparatus and some new furniture, doubles his fees and, such is human nature, probably gets them. A pleasant manner, an impressive office and the right friends are only too often sufficient to ensure the survival, even the prosperity, of the second-rate.

These generalities, however, are of no help to the patient in judging whether he is being charged too much. Let us see if we can be a little more specific. If the limits which are suggested seem in some cases unduly wide, it must be remembered that standards vary in different localities — New York City, for instance, is bound to be more expensive than North Dakota — and that even to speak of standards at all is perhaps misleading. Every man is, to a large extent, his own yardstick; the suggestions that

follow must of necessity be based on my own.

There are certain fairly standard fees which will serve as a basis for values. The country general practitioner charges \$3 for an office visit, \$5 for a house call; his colleague in the city may charge \$5 and \$7. General physicians of high standing approaching the consultant rank in the big cities often charge \$10 to \$25. But when we come to consultants and specialists, only within very broad limits can an approximation be given of the two ends of the scale. However, a doctor who charges below the low limit given, except in special circumstances, is either underrating the value of his services or they are of such small value as to be useless to the patient, while the doctor who charges more than the high limit probably has an exaggerated idea of his own value. About halfway between the two is a fair average for a good and competent doctor.

For a consultation, then, the range would be from \$10 to \$50 in the office, according to status and to the work done. Neurologists, for instance, commonly charge a rather higher fee than most consultants of the same standing because their examinations require a longer time. Subsequent visits are less, \$5 to \$25. For a minor operation or office

treatment, such as injecting piles or varicose veins and many other things, from \$20 to \$100; for larger operations like tonsils, often classed as minor operations, \$50 to \$250, though the top figure there will be protested by many as too low and the low one by some as too high; for the less complicated major operations, of which the appendix will serve as an example, \$100 to \$500; for the big major operations, extensive and complex and requiring the highest technical skill, \$250 to \$1000.

These, I repeat, are approximations but may serve as guides. And it may well be remembered by the patient that the highest figure is truly the highest he need pay. No matter in what field of medicine or surgery the service is required, he will find highly skilled and competent men who will serve him for that figure.

The family doctor has tended recently to go out of favor, particularly in the cities. Patients betake themselves to specialists of their own choice, so that the old family doctor has been forced to turn specialist himself in self-defense and his very valuable function is being lost. But his day will come again, if only because he is a vital cog in the wheel of the medical machine. He knows his patients and he

knows his colleagues. He knows it is no use to send a busy man to an unpunctual consultant or a timid woman to a blustering physician, however good their respective qualifications may be otherwise. He knows which one of his colleagues can be relied upon for a conservative opinion, which one is prepared to tackle the well-nigh impossible. Finally, and not least important, he

knows which man is amenable about fees and which is not.

In short, the patient should consult his family doctor before approaching the specialist. If he takes the short-cut and goes direct, he has only himself to blame if he finds himself in the wrong office, with the wrong man, getting the wrong treatment at the wrong price.



*"The Führer thanks you for the Normandie. . . .
Now full speed ahead on the next job!"*

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Theatre Like Peanuts

WHAT, in a dismal season like this one, keeps a man like myself steadfastly going to the theatre? What, indeed, even in seasons that average maybe a dozen acceptable plays out of a hundred and fifty or more, is it that keeps him going? It is a question often projected at me and it is an understandable one, even from the kind of men who keep on dropping ten dollars in quarters into slot machines in the hope of winning five dollars, optimistically buying up Antioquia 7's at 12, and faithfully pursuing the potential genius of Daphne du Maurier.

It would be easy to reply with the time-honored answer that it is always the hope that tomorrow night's play or the play after tomorrow night's play may turn out to be something to knock you, as the literary phrase is, for a loop. It was much this same hope, as Mencken used to argue, that kept him and me reading stacks upon stacks of magazine manuscripts over a period of many editorial years; there was always the chance

that the two hundred and twentieth one way down at the bottom of the pile would prove to be a voluptuous masterpiece. But the answer would not be entirely true.

It would be similarly easy to reply that professional habit is accountable for the persistence, as it is accountable in the case of a homing pigeon or a candidate for Congress. Or that, like the loon who kept hitting himself on the head with a hammer, it feels so good when you leave off a bad play and come out on the street again. Or that it keeps one from drinking for at least a couple of hours and allows one to hide in comparative solitude from the pests in one's life who otherwise would be on the telephone, calling on one, and getting in one's hair. Or, finally, it might be credited to a congenital idiocy. But none of these answers would be quite true either.

What is it, then? It is simply, and despite an apparently widespread disbelief entertained by many of the critics along with more of the laymen, that however bad most of

the plays may be, there is frequently in them something or other, whether internal or external, that is waywardly amusing, interesting, and on occasion even relatively meritorious.

Take, for example, a recent poor play, *Solitaire*, derived from the novel of one Corle by the usually expert John Van Druten. The theme had to do with a gentle old hobo and a poor little rich girl, which would ordinarily be enough to send one home on the gallop relievingly to put *Hearts and Flowers* on the phonograph, read *Editha's Burglar* to the colored cook, and simultaneously get stinko on a magnum of crème de cacao. Yet in the play there were nevertheless several bits that were pretty good. To quote just one. At one point, the little girl, sitting on a log in the gully with the bum, asks him if he was ever married. Yes, he tells her: a beautiful woman one day years ago rushed into the place in Chicago where he was living, said that her name was Mary Christmas, promptly took off all her clothes and threw them in the fire, and started cooking. For six days, he says, he was the happiest man on earth. Then several men in uniform showed up and, alas, took her away. "What was the matter with her?" the little girl inquires. The old bum

scratches his head. "I don't know," he draws. "Maybe she was ahead of her time."

There was also the nasty small fat boy in the dreadful rubbish called *All in Favor*, who saw sexual malfeasance all about him and who blackmailed everyone he suspected. Turning up one day with some extra money, his elder brother demanded to know how he came by it. "I got it from papa," he replied. "For what?" his brother insisted. "For not telling his best girl he wears a girdle," gleefully returned the little louse.

II

The entertainment derived from Ben Hecht's disorganized and rather painful fantasy dealing with the ghosts of corpses in the morgue was wholly extrinsic. Seething with wrath over the appraisals of the critics, the author had at them in verse and prose, all boilingly attesting to the fact that they were the scum of the earth and, it would seem rather paradoxically, worth no decent writer's notice. "Good critics," Hecht sonnetized, "who reject my fairest song and spatter my fine shirt with printer's ink, I'd bellow bitterly you do me wrong, were I not suffocated by your stink." "You theatre moles," he

continued, "with inattentive ears, a cough and now and then a kidney stone, abristle with your dull but fearsome spears, who come to drama not to drink or sup but more to shine your little egos up." And to his company of actors: "Shine on, my little actor pearls, despite the critic swine have sniffed and walked away . . ."

Here, plainly, was the food of rich and juicy comedy, and ample recompense for an evening spent in attendance upon the exhibit that provoked it. And quite as rich and juicy was Hecht's subsequent broadside in extenuation of himself. "I know," he stated, "that the play is not a conventionally patterned work." He apparently didn't know, however, that it followed more or less the intrinsic pattern of *Hannele*, *Miracle at Verdun*, *Bury the Dead*, *The Mother*, *Johnson Over Jordan*, etc. "I know also," he stated, "that I wrote it as a series of flashes rather than with any intent to shed a sustained dramatic glow." He apparently didn't know, however, that the flash technic was the technic he had acquired in Hollywood and that a sustained dramatic glow is the preferable technic of the dramatic stage. "I know also," he stated, "that dead people on the stage are shocking and that any attempt to give dramatic outline

to heaven and God is bound to come a cropper in the minds of multitudes of good people who already know exactly how these high themes are shaped." He apparently didn't know, however, that dead people on the stage, if imaginatively handled, are far from shocking — *vide Outward Bound*, *Our Town*, *On Borrowed Time*, Masefield's *Melloney Holtspur*, etc. — and that an attempt to give dramatic outline to heaven and God, if in turn imaginatively handled, is not bound to come a cropper — *vide The Green Pastures*, *Liliom*, Lady Gregory's *The Travelling Man*, Carl Hauptmann's most successful *The Poor Broom Binders*, Kennedy's *The Servant in the House*, etc.

"For these critics to quibble with my plot when I had no plot . . . goes hand in hand with the moth-eaten punditism into which play reviewers seem to sink," stated Hecht. He apparently didn't know, however, that his play had in it not only parts of the plot of at least three ghost plays that had preceded it, along with a sizeable conventional murder-detective play sub-plot, but the plots in part of a great variety of past plays ranging from the Hattons' trashy *Love, Honor and Betray* to the aforementioned *Outward Bound*, from Henry

Myers' trumpery *Hallowe'en* to the aforementioned *Liliom*, and from Zweig's dull *Jeremiah* to Henry Arthur Jones' *Michael and His Lost Angel*.

Then, after calling the critics "open mouthed and empty skulled," "esthetically exhausted old men," "a fungus egoed coterie of fretful and wearied scribblers," "persnickety and wearily groping men full of prep school mumbo-jumbo," "perpetual amateurs of letters," and "blank cartridge shooting ogres," he stated in fine conclusion: "I write all this not only to affirm my faith in a work of which I feel proud but to give some solace to the thousands of people who share with me my belief in *Lily of the Valley*."

That "thousands of people" was the luxe horse-laugh. Not only, reporting on the very opening night of the play, did the New York *Post* observe that "many of the audience had fled by the time the second act was over," but the exhibit attracted so few people that Gilbert Miller, the producer, had to close it at the end of the week.

The grand time I had with Hecht's poems and broadsides was completely unselfish, since he obviously didn't include me among the critics he lambasted as my review of his play had not yet appeared.

But now that he sees this, he will doubtless have at me with no mere sonnet but with an *Iliad*, with no mere "fungus egoed scribbler" and "blank cartridge shooting ogre," but with "— — — —" and "— — — —," which will give me an even grander time.

III

In the otherwise tedious gangster melodrama, *Brooklyn, U. S. A.*, there was a second act curtain line that provided some reward. Old Louis Cohen, the whining stool-pigeon beaten down by the sinister and merciless head of the mob that has murdered right and left and made a shambles of Brooklyn, begs of the boss one final favor: that he get his old mother out of Germany. The killer nods his head slowly and soberly remarks, "Yes, Germany isn't a safe place for anyone these days."

Then, too, there was the end of the play, with fat Lena Rose whose husband has been murdered and the moll who has lost her man sentimentally bemoaning the tragedies that have befallen them, and with Lena finally speaking through her widow's tears: "We'll go to California, you and me, and take a little house together — a little one at first — with a pretty garden in

the back and flowers at the windows and we'll try to get along. We'll start with just one or two girls . . ."

Marc Connelly's disastrous *The Flowers of Virtue* had a pretty little Mexican girl, Maria Morales, in it and while she was visible at least one otherwise droopy eye kept open. And in the juvenile and sugary *Letters to Lucerne* there was some pleasure in contemplating the interesting performance of Leopold Stokowski's kid daughter, Sonia, just as in the aforementioned dreary *All in Favor* some lift was provided by the performances of a couple of other kids, Frances Heflin and Raymond Roe. Even in the case of *Anne of England*, that wet-blanket, there was the spectacle of Jessica Tandy, lovely in lovely costume, to improve the encompassing fog.

The dramatization of Maugham's *Theatre* wasn't much, but it contained one charming scene in the last act wherein the actress heroine and her estranged actor husband meet again, and wherein the latter sentimentally recounts their first meeting. It was, he says, in the English provinces on the occasion of the opening night of a new play of hers and it was at supper table in a small inn that he, though knowing her so briefly, proposed mar-

riage to her. "Don't be ridiculous," she affectionately smiles at him when he finishes. "You know perfectly well it wasn't at supper; it was in bed."

There were many who couldn't see anything at all in Samson Raphaelson's *Jason*, and who wondered what kept some of us, interested, in our seats. There were various things and among them was the delightful handling of the end of the second act. The critic who has befriended the neglected young playwright as something of a genius catches him in the act of passionately embracing his, the critic's, wife. The wife, already irate at her husband and indignant at being caught, starts to explode in explanation. Whereupon, very quietly, thus in effect her husband: "We must consider this calmly. I wouldn't want to lose you (speaking to his wife) too easily." Then, glancing at the young playwright: "Either of you."

In the horrible junk called *Pie in the Sky*, there was a lot of mean fun watching the leading actress, a novice who had put up the money for the show in order to get a chance to demonstrate herself, executing all her stuff in a standing position the while the other actors remained seated, apparently in the belief (shared by the compliant

stage director) that this would fasten the attention of the audience on her and make her stand out brilliantly from the rest of the company.

In the dire revival of *Hedda Gabler*, calculated to exhibit the talents of a Greek actress named Paxinou, some similarly nasty fun was provided by the lady in question who, in an attempt to master English, had achieved a cross between Greek and English that sounded for all the world like Fanny Brice's Baby Snooks and that involved all of Fanny's rare eyeball rollings. Giving ear to such a speech as "Tanks! So you see it waas dees entoosiasm fer Falk's weela dat feerst consteetooted a bond uf sympatty between Geortch Tesman end me; from dat came our engachtmint end our marritch end our weddinck churney and all de rest uf eet" — giving ear to such was all the joy any critic, drunk or sober, could ask for.

The heroic aviator in the drip about the RAF called *Golden Wings*, who comported himself like a bouncing fairy; the heroine of *Hope for a Harvest*, who came back from her agricultural chores looking like the Birth of Fashion number in an Earl Carroll revue; and the escaped Nazi, who in *The Man with Blond Hair* didn't have

the faintest idea that the kindly old woman who was harboring him was Jewish, despite the fact that she looked and talked like a delicatessen store window in the Bronx — these were all further contributions to the delight of dramatically dismal evenings.

Brother Cain was about as bad a play as anyone could imagine, yet I haven't had such a laugh in years as at the scene wherein a lout of a coal-miner stole foxily up to a couch on which a fat ingénue was reclining and, with more gymnastics than a Düsseldorf Turnverein, entered upon the business of an attempted seduction of the beauty, the indignant protests of the aforesaid beauty being confined mainly to a wiggling of the toes of her elevated left foot. It was wonderful.

Bobby Clark's grand slapstick performance as Bob Acres in the Theatre Guild's botched revival of *The Rivals* made up for everything. Joe E. Lewis' flirtation scene with a cutie, in the tragic musical known as *The Lady Comes Across*, in which he artfully maneuvered slaps on her knee and finally demanded to know if he was going over to her house or whether they were both going to sleep in the gutter, also made up for everything.

So you go on reading the military experts and I'll take the theatre.

DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOE

The Toad

THE sounds of April are good and reassuring sounds for a countryman to hear. In April the last great chunks of ice have thawed loose from the creek banks and now there is the sound of them booming and bumping their way downstream in the freshet. There is the sound on many days now of warm spring rain, a living and liquid sound after the dry crepitation of the snow, soaking the thawing earth and presaging the time of plowing and planting. Everywhere outdoors now is heard the small, sweet music of returned robins and bluebirds, the creak of blossoming elm branches stirred in the spring wind, the dim, pervasive buzz and hum of insect wings being tried in the warming air. The sounds of April are all good sounds to hear, profoundly stirring to that old, deep heart of us which is forever inalienable from the parent earth.

And underneath the louder sounds, the more evident and obvious voices of the season, there is one tiny utterance perhaps more stirring than all the rest, as though

epitomizing them and all of April. It is a little trilling and crying that comes from the ponds and creeks at nightfall, and though it is so small and subtle a song, it can shake the listener's heart with its eloquence of the earth's renewed fecundity and re-emergence from the cyclic sleep, and with its reminder that in the dark marsh ooze and the cool sedge-smelling pools — so like the scene where primally the planetary life force began its obscure turmoil of animation, eons and eons ago — there is again the sluggish stir of breath and blood and most miraculous sperm. The sound is the mating melody of the toads.

The male toad has roused from hibernation, in the sandy soil of some hillside meadow, perhaps, or underneath the dark leaf-layered mold and moss of the woods floor, and has made his way slowly and laboriously, on warty legs still numb with frost and sleep, to the cold, marshy brookside. It was from here that he came at the beginning of his adulthood, many springs ago, and it is here that an instinct in his

cold amphibian blood bids him return now each April when the earth of his hibernating place has thawed. In the dusk, in the chilled damp darkness, he squats motionless, breathing the smell of dripping cattail stalks and cress and water-grasses. Obscure desire pervades him. His dim toad-being is caught up in the tremendous ritual of spring: the upward thrusting of skunk-cabbage spathes, the fluttering of mourning-cloak butterflies in the pale April sun, the stirring in the loins of foxes. The toad puffs out his throat, inflates his vocalizing sac. There issues from him his thin and sweet spring music. It is a piping exultation in aliveness, and a calling to the female to come from the dry land where she has hibernated and join him in the cool dampness of the watercourse.

For nearly a week, sometimes, the male toad persists in his singing until at last the female comes to him. Cumbrously, then, he climbs upon her back, clasping her behind her forearms, gripping her body with horny thumbs that have swollen uniquely for the performance of this annual embrace. Hour after hour the two toads lie clasped together and sometimes even several days may pass. Utterly are they given over to this central rite of spring, oblivious of all else. The

sudden snap of a pickerel cannot separate them, nor the coming of a prowling fox. They are lost in the consummation of their obscure toad passion, inseparable until at last the female voids her mass of eggs in the water and the male sheds upon them his fertilizing sperm cells.

The toad eggs may number five or ten thousand. They are arranged in two single rows, each row contained in a long, twisting tube of transparent protective jelly. Slowly the gelatinous masses drift and idle with the current of the water, becoming tangled with vegetation, coated with bottom mud, obscured by films of the viscous brook slime. If the water where they have been laid is frequented by many toads, the current may, by early May, have become almost choked by the countless ropes of drifting toad spawn. In myriads there are visible, embedded in the copious jelly, the rows upon rows of tiny black dots that are the egg-yolks from which presently are destined to develop legions of tadpoles.

II

The emergence of a tadpole from its egg requires generally from five to twelve days, depending on the warmth of the water. By middle

May, in any case, by the time violets are in bloom along the brook edge and the kingfishers have returned to hunt the water-course and utter their rattling cry, the black dot of egg-yolk has swollen and taken on shape and animation and the black tadpole, about the size of a chokeberry, has wriggled free of its natal jelly. It is a wholly aquatic being, tailed and gilled as a fish, equipped with suckers whereby it can remain high in the water where oxygen is ample. The pattern of its days under the spring sun is not complex. Hour after hour it spends motionless, suspended in the sluggish water among the minute branches of the brook plants; hour after hour it lies immobile in the innumerable company of its fellows in the shallow sun-warmed water near shore; on infrequent occasion it swims furiously, with a curious motion as though burrowing the water, from the threat of fish jaws or frog jaws or the spearing beak of a heron. These are the total of its exterior occupations, save for feeding, and the procurement of food means only the intake of algae and diatoms with which the May brook water teems omnipresently.

The tadpole's exterior performances are meager; but its interior ones are vast. Gradually, as week

succeeds week, the long, soft tail-fin is resorbed into the body. Slowly, slowly, the tadpole gills make a metamorphosis into lungs. Subtly and by intricate stages, the long, thin tube of tadpole intestine, coiled in its body like the curled frond of a fern or the tongue of a butterfly, changes to the short intestine of a carnivore. During all the uneventful days of tadpole life a chemistry of spectacular change is in process. It results, at the last, in the development of a rough and warty skin, a wide tremendous mouth, four powerful legs. On a day in midsummer, the tadpole, by its dwindling and altering, has ceased to be. There is ushered into life, replacing it, a toad.

Frogs must spend all their lives close to water, for they largely breathe through their smooth, scaleless skins and if their flesh dries their respiration is fatally checked. The toad has a more efficient internal respiration, and also a warty absorbent skin which soaks up water and does not easily relinquish it. The toad is under no compulsion to remain by the brookside. Water is his birthplace and his breeding place, but otherwise he is a haunter of the uplands, of sandy garden soil, and thither he now makes his way by ponderous leapings, with long pauses between, to

take up the routine of his adult days. He is ready now to hunt and to sleep and to evade enemies, which are primary rituals of toad life as of all others.

It is the adult toad's way to drowse by day in some cool and sheltering place — beneath a rotting log, perhaps, or in the humid shade of a burdock leaf — and to issue forth only at dusk or in time of rain or overcast sky for his food seeking. Even the moisture-storing efficiency of his rough skin does not permit his long exposure to full sunlight. In the dusk only, therefore, he hops slowly forth from his shelter and stares about him. His black, oval-pupiled eyes, bordered with gold, have a startling beauty in their setting in his warty flesh — they are that “jewel” which men have fancied the toad to possess in his head, and have supposed to be a talisman against evil — and they are alert for the smallest stir of an earthworm, a fly, a creeping spider. To stationary prey the toad is oblivious, only movement enlisting his notice, so that sometimes he stares unawares at a worm or a spider very close to him and his eating reflexes remain unaroused because the creature does not stir. But instantly, if the worm contracts its segments or the spider shifts the position of its hairy legs,

the toad is aware of it and is moved to an action so quick as to be almost imperceptible. The wide mouth opens; the long, sticky tongue, rooted in the mouth's forefront near the lips instead of far back in the gullet, is hurled forth in flickering extrusion and retracted; there is a convulsive gulping. The toad has fed. With a stealthy, creeping gait, wholly different from his customary hopping, he moves off to stalk additional victims.

Hunting and dozing make up most of the leisurely life-way of a toad. Occasionally, five or six times a year, there is the adventure of the shedding of his skin, a splitting and fissuring of the old garment and a revealing of a new, brighter-patterned one, and then the eating of the crumpled discarded tissue as though it were a fly or worm. Now and again, there is attack by an enemy. Caught up in the jaws of a fox, the toad looses from his lumpy skin an acrid exudate, bitter and stinging, and simultaneously voids a flow of his pungent urine. It is not often that he fails to be released, and to resume imperturbably his course of squatting watchful among the leaves, burrowing in the cool, moist earth at dawn, blinking somnolently in the summer sun.

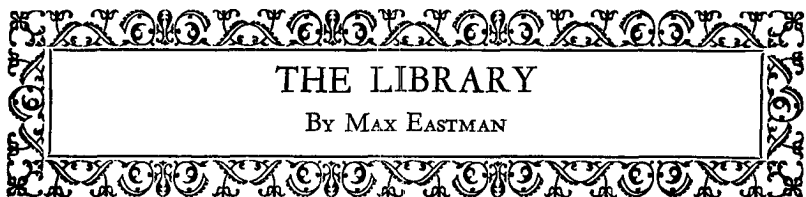
In spring each year, when moss is in fruit and the elders blooming, the toad seeks pond and brook again, and clutches a female in fulfillment of uncomprehended need. In autumn each year, he creeps on numbing legs to a burrow in the leaf mold, to a cranny under a woodpile, and enters into long oblivion. Obedient to seasonal rhythms as slow as the circulating of his own slow toad blood, unhurried by any such quick urgencies as reduce a wren's life to a few brief seasons and a fox's to hardly a dozen, he lives, unless accident intervenes, for a tranquil thirty years.

GRIEF

MEN are not the only ones to grieve
When they have homes and children they must leave.
The other day, up at the forest fire
On Hunter's place, I saw a town entire
Mourning as if its heart was going to break.
A hundred crows watched black and gray smoke take
The scraggly trees where they had put their young,
Fifty fathers, fifty mothers hung
Above the flames that cracked the marrowbones
Of pines and spruce, they filled the air with groans,
Flapped in wild and ragged consternation,
Joined in a great harmonious lamentation,
Then all came down as one on a dead tree
And stared dumbfounded at the tragedy.
Yet here and there a mother could not rest
But picked up live provision for a nest
No longer there and flew around in vain
And started all the grieving up again.

But grief with crows and women cannot last,
Pretty soon I saw the grief was past,
Two crows flew off, and then another pair,
Looking for a pine top with a flare
Where they could set up housekeeping once more.
This was a greater grief than all before.

— ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN



Proletarian Novelists, Old and New

UPTON SINCLAIR was the most famous living novelist in the world when I graduated from college and he is one of the most famous today. His just completed trilogy, *World's End*, *Between Two Worlds* and *Dragon's Teeth*,¹ is quite a prodigious achievement. I suspect it may go on proliferating until it becomes a tetralogy, a pentalogy, a sexology — no, not that from Upton Sinclair! — hexalogy is what I mean. Sinclair has published sixty-one books since he began his career in 1901, an average of 1.5 books a year. When last seen, he looked good for another ten years at least. If history can only keep ahead of him, which is growing doubtful, there is no reason why these novels about “Lanny” and “Beauty” and “Irma” and others who race around the world in a yacht, or in aeroplanes, or Rolls Royces, or whatever luxurious conveyance is at hand, arriving wherever necessary in order to serve as small mirrors for great world events, should not pile up into a pentakaidekalogy, or

something as little like a story as that.

The books are more like a course in current history than novels — the history of what we hopefully called the post-war period. They contain vivid portraits and inside exposures of famous contemporary figures and their doings. It is fun to lunch with Hitler and dine with Göring, or hobnob with the moguls of international conferences, when you thought you were living the private and rather dull life of an American millionaire's son without a job — or even a character. It shows that Sinclair could have been a brilliant journalist, had he not chosen the harder part of the gadfly of American journalism.

Another good thing to say about these books is that they are mellow. The collapse of his spectacular “Epic” campaign for governor of California, although it shocked Sinclair with a painful sorrow, did not embitter him. It is pleasant to see him growing more genial with the wintry years, less hipped about his own ideas — even, I think, as

¹ Viking. \$3.00.

happens with the cooling of the blood in generous people, less puritanical:

The décolletage for backs was lower; in fact, where the back of the dress might have been there was nothing but Irma; but it was enough.

That last is quite a concession from Upton Sinclair!

He likes these rich people of his, and gives some of them heartfelt socialist or communist convictions:

Here were five people, condemned to dwell in marble halls — and outside were five millions, looking upon them as the most to be envied of all mortals! Five dwellers begging to be kicked out of their marble halls, and for some strange reason unable to persuade the envious millions to act! More than a century ago a poet, himself a child of privilege, had called upon them to rise like lions after slumber in unvanquishable number; but still the many slept and the few ruled, and the chains which were like dew retained the weight of lead!

There is a pathos here for those who remember the life-story of the author's mind — who remember his notorious prediction, along about 1910, that socialism would arrive in sixteen years. It makes the political vigor and good humor in all these pages the more admirable.

I find them heavy-going nonetheless. They contain at least twice as many words as they need to. The characters are identifiable ab-

stractions wearing different names, but they are not warmly living people who provoke an interest when they enter the room. Their lives move in a heavy padding of discourse about everything under the sun, from subconscious mind-stuff to musical aesthetics. The story in *Dragon's Teeth* begins on page 335. Up to that page, I pushed myself through only with the help of my conscience as a critic.

I suppose people who are allergic to education in a naked form would find values in the first half that I fail to find. I like novels to be novels, and history history. Authors who use the story-form as an excuse for lucubrations fully as long, yet far more loose and inconsequential, as could be put across as essays, may serve a useful function. They spread ideas around among people who couldn't take them straight. But they do not seem to me to be engaged in a high or clear form of art.

In particular, I am loath to study recent history under Upton Sinclair, because I think he has failed to make bold-minded or clear-hearted judgments about it. He has failed of intellectual penetration or moral courage, or both. He was the world's great writer of socialist novels, and one of the great

socialist pamphleteers. Yet in his declining years he has issued no blast of the trumpet against the bloody and cynical totalitarian state that is exploiting the workers in the name of socialism in Soviet Russia — spreading his fame and selling his books by the million in the process. He has sat, and in this prolix trilogy still sits, ignominiously on the fence, peering this side and that like an irresolute hen going to roost.

Perhaps it is too much to ask of a disappointed socialist that he preserve *both* his good humor and his guts. But I could not help hoping for this from Upton Sinclair. Great novels and great pamphlets are to be written about the totalitarian perversion of the socialist dream, and what it means to the extreme and sacred aspirations of mankind. But they can be written only by one who has the force and courage to see and define the facts.

II

On the publication of *Grapes of Wrath*, Sinclair graciously offered to let his mantle fall upon John Steinbeck. It was typical of Upton to think that he had the bestowal of his mantle. He never could learn to confine himself to his character and let others fuss about his fame.

I think his mantle is much more likely to fall upon Ward Moore, who has just published the magnificent torso of a novel called *Breathe the Air Again*.² It is a "proletarian novel" which, *mirabile dictu*, contains a genuine passion for the proletariat.

The plot revolves around a department store in Los Angeles, but revolves in an orbit wide enough to take in Chicago's Bohemia, the servant class in Denver and love-life on a farm in Oklahoma. The book absorbed me from the first word to the last. I call the style better than John Steinbeck's because, while painting equally vivid images, it paints without self-consciousness. The style does not obtrude itself. There are no interludes of fine-writing, no pauses for applause. Your mind is always on the story, and not the writing of it. And your heart, too. For the characters, with some slight exceptions at least, are not exaggerated. They are wholly real. They live and suffer and rejoice; they scrap and sweat and bargain and beg and argue and make love, most genuinely. Particularly, they make love genuinely. No book I ever read presents erotic experience with more vivid truth; beside Moore, Hemingway is an amateur.

² Harper, \$2.50.

This is not, to be sure, a great novel. It has no beauty of form when you look back at it as a single thing; it leaves loose ends hanging. It is better lived and written than conceived. But it has reality, and it has suspense; it has large understanding, and vital feeling, and no pretense. It has what it takes to make great novels. I predict a brilliant career for Ward Moore.

I predict also that he will have a hard time getting recognition. For one thing, he makes use of the whole wealth of the mind and the language. Hemingway's glorification of low-brow straight-talk, although a brilliant artistic achievement in itself, has had an impoverishing effect on our general style of story-writing and reading. Shakespeare, after all, was also a great writer.

For another thing, Ward Moore is undeluded about the operations carried on by the Stalin gang in the American working class. He paints this gang in his novel exactly as they are. And as the operations they carry on in the review columns, bookstores, newsstands, literary conversations, and other avenues through which books are sold, are of the same character and bent to the same purpose, his book has a nation-wide secret barrage fire to pass through.

III

People who are curious to know just what is the quality of magic in the poetry of Rainer Maria Rilke, the lyrical German whose fame has been mounting so fast, can taste it in a little book of exquisite translations by Babbette Deutsch called *Poems from the Book of Hours*.³ When Miss Deutsch tried to translate Pushkin from the Russian, a language which she did not herself know, and a poet as unakin to her as Horace to Robert Browning, I protested with a good deal of heat. In some sense, my protest, although far from an obvious one, was a compliment to Miss Deutsch. It is because she has a pronounced poetic character of her own that she could neither feel nor convey the genius of Pushkin.

Here she is herself again. And she is, to a degree, unusual even in the most happy of such interlingual unions, the mystical poet Rilke. Her volume is enriched, as efforts to convey poetry from one language to another should be, by including the original of each poem opposite the translation. Those who have learned a little German, or forgotten a lot, can thus turn from her words to Rilke's, carrying the meaning back to the music.

³ *New Directions*. \$1.00.

They can do this without any sense of discord, or painful recollections of the schoolroom "trot," for the lines are often as moving, and once or twice to my perceptions more so, in her version, than his.

To us who remember the hysterical ban on things Teutonic in the first World War, when, to say nothing of never listening to Wagner, we dared not give an order for German fried potatoes, it is reassuring to see a volume like this come out and prosper at the present time. That war began with fifes and drums and military rage and glee, an almost manic exaltation. This one began with solemnity and meditative sorrow in every nation. Humanity as a whole is disillusioned of war. It took a madman to start this world conflagration. The hopes that can be founded upon that new fact, once the madman is stopped, are very large. They make it possible to read without unbearable tears even Rilke's sadly beautiful poem:

All will grow great and powerful again:
the seas be wrinkled and the land be
plain,
the trees gigantic and the walls be low;
and in the valleys, strong and multi-
form,
a race of herdsmen and of farmers
grow. . . .
we shall learn earthliness, and serve its
ends,
to feel its hands about us like a friend's.



NON-FICTION

THE GOOD INHERITANCE, by Norman Cousins. \$3.00. *Coward McCann*. The extraordinary parallel between ancient Greek history and our own times is here drawn with great verve. The book is at once crude and exciting. It offers a "union now" type of moral for our times: democratic world unity as the only alternative to collapse into servitude. Even those who disagree with the moral, however, will find the story itself worth reading.

SOMETHING WENT WRONG, by Lewis Browne. \$3.00. *Macmillan*. "A summation of modern history" from the days of James Watt down to the present. When he sticks close to the known facts, Mr. Browne does very well, telescoping much history into little space. But when he attempts interpretation, he is occasionally obscure and very dubious. To say that Hitler "was not the wound but the gangrene," or that "mankind never really marched toward betterment; it backed into it," is to say things that sound brilliant but really make little sense. Mr. Browne appears to think that the machine is to blame for all our present ills, especially war.

AMERICA IN WORLD AFFAIRS, by Allan Nevins. \$1.00. *Oxford*. A rapid and largely factual survey of American foreign affairs since the first World War. Mr. Nevins is frankly an internationalist of the Roosevelt-Hull school. A useful summary for these days.

SEA OF MEMORIES, by Charles Moran. \$3.50. *Scribner's*. A history of the Mediterranean "from Mythology to Mussolini" in terms of some of the most picturesque inci-

dents that happened on its ancient waters or on its thousands of miles of shore. Mr. Moran is a lieutenant-commander of the United States Naval Reserve, has made a life-long study of the Mediterranean, and apparently knows the full story of its every wavelet. He writes with historical detachment and yet with considerable feeling — of the sort one has for a favorite star. There are many illustrations, an excellent index, and two end-paper maps.

THE JAZZ RECORD BOOK, by Charles Edward Smith, with Frederic Ramsey, Jr., William Russell, and Charles Payne Rogers. \$3.50. *Smith and Durrell*. In many ways, just about the best book on hot jazz to date. It lacks some of the skeletal simplicity of "Discography," but the loss is more than made up by the critical and historical comments. A section of jazz history precedes the listing of records. The five main sections — a satisfactory classification — are Chicago Breakdown, New York and Harlem, Blues and Boogie Woogie, Seven Brass, Four Reed, and They Still Play Jazz. A selected bibliography and an index are appended, but a more complete index would have improved the book.

RESPECTFULLY YOURS, ANNIE: LETTERS FROM A LONDON COOK. \$2.50. *Dutton*. Miss Sylvia Brockway and her two children found themselves in this country when war broke out in Europe and they were told to stay here for the duration by her husband. She has lived in New Hampshire and most of her information about her former home and friends in England she has obtained from the weekly letters of her old cook, Annie, whom Miss Brockway "introduces" in a lengthy, charming, and most interesting preface. It is quite possible that Annie's letters, which are here presented almost *verbatim et literatim*, will form part of the permanent literature of the times. She stands for all the fumbblings and glories of Great Britain, and her observations are compounded of astounding innocence, insight, and fortitude. This is true contemporary history.

CONVOY, by Quentin Reynolds. \$2.00. *Random House*. An autobiography in twenty chapters, one chapter of reminiscence for each day it took Mr. Reynolds to make the trip from Nova Scotia to London on a slow freighter in a convoy. Mr. Reynolds' life — he is in the neighborhood of forty — unfortunately does not make very interesting reading. He has had the usual ups and downs of a newspaper and popular magazine man, meeting big shots, political and otherwise, in and out of office, and a great deal of luck. He comes out of his account a somewhat naïve man, who seems to think that getting a story, even if it has no intrinsic importance, ranks in value with the composition of Beethoven's "Eroica."

FROM CAIRO TO KHYBER TO CELEBES by Maude Beaton. \$3.00. *Liveright*. Recently, Mrs. Beaton returned from a year and a half of travel in fifteen countries and here she presents her observations in the form of a long letter to Carolyn, her first granddaughter. Unfortunately, she has little to say of interest to the general reader. At times, indeed, she is annoyingly cute, and worse. She discovered that a Chinese woman and her brother-in-law "have just gone together," and she observes, "Well, I suppose some of my friends are questionable, at least unconventional." A bit further she says, "China is the land of the bandit. Apparently they just rob you on a grand scale when they do it."

WESTWARD THE COURSE! THE NEW WORLD OF OCEANIA, by Paul McGuire. \$3.75. *Morrow*. A book of travel in the British and Dutch East Indies, including New Zealand and Australia. Mr. McGuire differs from so many other traveler-writers in that he carries with him a sound knowledge of the fundamentals of history, geography, and anthropology, together with a genuine curiosity in these and related fields, so that what he has to say is not mere chit-chat but information of mature interest. The many fine illustrations and detailed index add to the book's value.

FRANKLIN STREET, by Philip Goodman. \$2.75. *Knopf*. Chapters of reminiscence of life in Philadelphia fifty years ago by a man — he is dead now — who was not afraid to relate the saltiest thoughts and “irregular” behavior of the closest relatives and friends of his childhood days. One of the chapters, that dealing with the “fall” of a local minister’s daughter and her mother’s bland acceptance of it, is a little gem of the strange workings of that most treacherous of all instruments, logic. Mr. Goodman died in 1940, in his fifty-fifth year, and with him went one of the clearest thinkers and most engaging conversationalists of our time. One hopes his former friends will some day collect his *obiter dicta*, which often gave sharp competition to Samuel Johnson’s. H. L. Mencken, who was probably his oldest friend, might do the editing.

HEROES OF THE ATLANTIC, by Ivor Halstead. \$2.50. *Dutton*. A brief, very well written, and colorful survey of the duties, disasters and glories of the British merchant marine in the first and second World Wars. There are many excellent illustrations. Mr. Halstead says that the joining of the United States and British Navies “means unbroken Allied supremacy at sea — and unbroken Allied supremacy at sea means doom for Hitler.”

A CENTURY AT THE BAR OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES, by Charles Henry Butler. \$3.00. *Putnam*. Mr. Butler, who died in 1940 at the age of eighty, had for many years been reporter of decisions for the Supreme Court, and his father, William Allen Butler, and grandfather, the celebrated Benjamin F. Butler, were eminent practitioners before the Court. In this posthumously published book, the author recounts pleasantly tales of the Court that have come within his own experiences and those of both of his ancestors. What he says is of no great importance, historically or legalistically, but future historians of the Court and biographers of its more significant justices will have to draw upon it.

There are several reproductions of photographs and other illustrations.

DRUNKS ARE SQUARE PEGS, by Charles Clapp, Jr. \$1.50. *Island Press*. For five years, Mr. Clapp was “completely defeated by liquor,” and then he cured himself. In the present fascinating autobiographical study, he tells in great detail how he ceased being an alcoholic. He says: “The facts, in every single case I have studied, lead me to the absolute conclusion that all alcoholics are square pegs in round holes. . . . It is an accepted fact that all alcoholics drink to escape.” In general, the treatment he applied to himself and that he recommends to others is psychological.

BOLIVAR, by Emil Ludwig. \$3.50. *Alliance*. This is a very unusual book for Mr. Ludwig, who hitherto has known the dreams and inner thoughts of nearly all his subjects. In the present instance, he forgets about all this and discusses his man objectively, relying upon ascertainable facts and the result is probably the best biography of the “George Washington of South America” in English. The story he has to tell is of romance and tragedy and magnificence all compounded. “To bury the man who was born with five millions and died with five republics, a clean shirt had to be borrowed from a neighbor. Another townsman borrowed the money for the funeral.”

ARMY TALK, by Elbridge Colby. \$2.00. *Princeton*. The first comprehensive dictionary of “the language of United States soldiers.” Colonel Colby, who is an old contributor to the *AMERICAN MERCURY*, does not merely define terms. He supplies a brief essay on each word, giving its meaning, history and variations. A useful, amusing and generally excellent volume. There are several good illustrations by Richard Hurd.

TELEVISION: TODAY AND TOMORROW, by Lee de Forest. \$3.75. *Dial*. “Designed to provide an outline of the nature and
(Continued on page 509)

THE OPEN FORUM

EXPERTS AND OTHERS DEBATE AIR POWER

SIR: I am very grateful to you for sending me an advance copy of the article by Major Seversky. With the general conclusions which Major Seversky draws, from what appears to me highly superficial and selective data, I could hardly find myself in more complete disagreement. As an example of what I mean, I think it difficult to deal objectively with a writer who begins by instancing the disaster at Pearl Harbor as a principal point of support for his contentions and then . . . remarks that carrier-borne aviation is useless.

The basic trouble with Major Seversky is that he does not differentiate between the means and the functions, and has never appreciated the fact that the object of sea power is the control of maritime communications—that is, of movement by sea. The means by which this control is exercised may be ships or may be planes, or, as at present, a combination of both.

Until Major Seversky grasps this basic fact and applies it to his analyses, I am afraid the latter will continue to be unconvincing to the informed student of war, however appealing they may be to a public eager to be told that there is a "get-rich-quick" road to victory.

GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

New York City.

MAJOR SEVERSKY REPLIES

SIR: Major Eliot, I fear, is a careless reader. I have never written anywhere that "carrier-borne aviation is useless." I have pointed out the indisputable fact that it is useless *against land-based aviation*, for simple but ample engineering reasons. Pearl Harbor proves nothing because it was a surprise attack, and surprise remains a potent element no matter what weapons are used. The fact that a base-

ball bat is enough to knock out a sleeping man who isn't expecting attack scarcely proves that it is superior to a machine gun.

The Major also fails to grasp the fundamental fact about sea power today — namely, that it cannot control maritime communications in any area within reach of the enemy's air power, unless it *first controls the air overhead*. The sooner that these parrot phrases about "control of maritime communications" are dropped by our military mentors, in favor of a realistic revision of these text-book notions in line with the new aviation facts, the sooner we will get started on the job of winning the war.

The tragedy of it is that, because of this dogged and unthinking reliance on ancient formulas, we have failed to make our aviation self-reliant in the matter of transportation, *as has long been possible technically*. Perhaps a key to Major Eliot's type of thinking, well-meant but paralyzing to our war effort, may be found in a statement such as this, from a book he published in 1938: "Fortunately, there is no present sign of any all-air policy being adopted by our Government, well advised as it is and has been by competent naval and military staffs."

"Fortunately," no less! How different the world picture would have been today if these "competent staffs" had not stymied an "all-air policy!"

ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY

New York City.

SIR: After reading your February issue, I suggest that Major Alexander P. de Seversky be appointed Chief of Staff of the Air Corps.

BERT GREEN

Miami Beach,
Florida.

SIR: Anyone, assuming that his mind is somewhat open on the subject, who has followed the events of the war in his newspapers, could hardly help but arrive at conclusions similar to those epitomized so excellently by Seversky. I agree with him on all major points. His sharp comments on "lack of imagination" in official thinking can well be applied to other phases of the war program.

LOUIS B. THOMAS

*National City,
California.*

SIR: Major Seversky's is a grand argument for separate service for the air power. However, from the standpoint of a very interested but ignorant layman, it seems to me that it would be well for each branch of the service to have its air strength under its control under the command of an experienced air officer. It seems to me that far more could be accomplished under a set-up such as I have mentioned than by having a separate command for the air forces.

L. C. HARMON

*Concord,
North Carolina.*

SIR: . . . I confess that I am prejudiced in his favor and much that he says is true. A battleship in these days seems a most vulnerable fighting machine and its days seem to be ended. But it seems to me this is due more to the submarine than to the airplane.

World War I was decided at the Battle of the Skagerrak, or Jutland. The German fleet had the English licked until the slow-moving, "antiquated" superdreadnaughts caught up with the British fleet, and then the Germans were forced to retire to their fortified harbor. I carefully read the reports of that battle by the British, German and American experts. They all agree that not one major casualty was inflicted by airplane or by torpedo boats, but by long-range heavy gunfire. The most brilliant achievement in this war was the trip of Lieutenant Prien through a sea filled with traps and bombs to sink a British battleship in Britain's naval base at Scapa Flow.

The contemporary startling sinking of ships within sight of Long Island has been by the German navy, i.e. the "rattlesnakes" or submarines. It is true that these submarines are fought best by depth bombs dropped from airplanes. And so we must not stake all on Major Seversky's valuable opinion.

CHARLES VEZIN

*Coral Gables,
Florida.*

SIR: It is high time that the ideas propounded by Major Seversky are actually put into action. The inertia of the closed mind, the inertia of the people who are sure they know their business, and that outsiders should shut up, is so tremendous that the only thing that can possibly break it down is the overwhelming force of aroused public opinion.

If America finally gets fighting mad about the perfectly tragic and totally unnecessary stupidities and failures of the people who have been in charge of the top planning in our armed services, then only will we begin the hard road leading towards the victory which we all hope for.

I for one have been fighting mad, and I am fighting mad right now, and am going to see to it that every one of my friends and acquaintances either knows about the arguments put forth by Major Seversky, or actually reads the article in your February issue.

CYRIL FARNY

*DeKalb,
Illinois.*

SIR: President Roosevelt has prided himself on breaking precedents. Why doesn't he smash a few now and call to his councils the men who are of this new age — who understand air power? The public should demand an answer!

JUDITH C. VER PLANCE

New York City.

SIR: As a qualified expert on Navy strategy (I served from November 1, 1918 to December 20, 1918 as a LY USNRF at Great Lakes, Illinois) I thoroughly agree with the Major

that the day of the battleship is passing and that air power is cheaper and more effective. From the report of the Roberts committee on the Pearl Harbor disaster, it would seem that they, too, agreed with the Major in large part, which ought to settle the matter.

TURNEY C. COLLINS

*Cynthiana,
Kentucky.*

SIR: I have read with great interest all of Major de Seversky's articles in the AMERICAN MERCURY. Having spent a couple of summers in one of the local airplane factories, I was unable to agree with the Major in his implications that American aircraft is distinctly inferior to that of foreign countries.

In his latest article, my feeling is that he has failed to state how a separate air force would solve the problem of cooperation. We have had one example already of lack of cooperation between the Army and Navy. If we have a third arm, namely the Air Force, have we any assurance that there would be any better cooperation among three branches than between two? It seems to me that the answer would be a "Generalissimo" commanding all branches of our fighting forces.

V. C. GEORGE

*Los Angeles,
California.*

SIR: Mr. Seversky's arguments are too pat. It is hard for Americans to believe that the best military minds of our land would fail to see the picture as he sees it if it were really as he paints it. Haven't I read somewhere that many Britons blame their failures in a number of battles in this war on the fact that they *did* have a separate air force, the RAF, which fell down on the job in the matter of coordination with the land and sea forces?

LUCAS B. BRYNNTON

*San Francisco,
California.*

SIR: I hope the Seversky article will have the desired effect of waking up our people, and particularly our government, to the im-

portance of modernizing the equipment, the mental processes and the personnel of the agencies whose duty it is to prosecute the war. It is unfortunate that in a country noted for the enterprise, imagination and ingenuity of its scientists, the leaders of our Army and Navy should still be living in the past and not availing themselves of the lessons which experiences in the present war have taught. It is discouraging to see how only the officers in Hawaii were blamed for the tragedy on "Jap Sunday" when the full blame should have been placed on the bureaucrats in Washington.

ALBERT F. R. ANDRESEN, M.D.

*Brooklyn,
New York.*

MEMO FROM THE KU KLUX KLAN

SIR: In your January 1942 AMERICAN MERCURY there appeared an article entitled "Inside the America First Movement," by John Roy Carlson. There are certain points in this article in which Mr. Carlson mis-states the facts. On page eight, "A crucial role has been assigned to a resurgent Ku Klux Klan which is already distributing America First literature along with its own." This is to advise that the Ku Klux Klan has never, at any time, put into distribution literature of the America First Committee or any other such group. The Klan has consistently operated independently of all other groups in America.

In a public address delivered by me on June 7, 1941, I clearly called upon the Wheelers, Lindberghs, Ickes and Winchells to stop their sarcasm and name calling and to use any talent which they might possess in appeals for unity between all groups that this war might be quickly and completely won. This speech was released to the press but not published due to conditions which you probably are more familiar with than the writer.

Again, on page 17, Mr. Carlson states, "Edward James Smythe, liaison man between the Klan and the Bund." Mr. Smythe received a letter from me following the New Jersey meeting clearly advising that he was

not a member of the Klan nor was he authorized to speak for the Klan either privately or publicly, covering any question.

Again, on page 24, you state the Ku Klux Klan is on its program, meaning the America First program. You point out a speech made by Senator Brooks before a meeting of fifty thousand at Rockford, Illinois. You fail, however, to state that the writer of this letter spoke to the same crowd at Rockford in an appeal for support of the elected President and Congress of the United States, my speech being in direct opposition to the speech made by Senator Brooks. The article likewise refers to a statement made by a man who is allegedly a member of the Klan. This of course is a matter over which I have no control as Klansmen express personal opinions in accordance with their thoughts.

J. A. COLESCOTT
(Imperial Wizard, Ku Klux Klan)

Atlanta,
Georgia.

SELF-CONGRATULATION DEPT.

SIR: "Half Slave, Half Democrat" seems to ignore the essentials of American relations with our own Negro problem. In a nutshell — we found the Negro in slavery; we bought him, gave him complete social security for several generations (food, clothing, shelter, medical and old age care), contributed a lot of good white blood and brains to the race and gave him freedom, more than he could use to immediate advantage. His present lot is far and away ahead of his African cousins who still inhabit the jungle. All in all, we have done fairly well by the American Negro, though I freely admit that we can (and probably will) do even better as the years roll on.

LAMBERT FAIRCHILD

New York City.

MEDICAL DICTATORSHIP?

SIR: Is the AMERICAN MERCURY editor a press agent for medical dictatorship? Any items having to do with medical freedom, such as the right of all British military personnel to refuse to be vaccinated and serum-

ized, are ignored and not published in the Open Forum. It is still a fact that Dr. Russell Creighton, the greatest epidemiologist of his time, definitely proved in his report to the Encyclopedia Britannica that all smallpox epidemics *always started among the vaccinated, never among the unvaccinated*. Why has medical science failed to make us as healthy as the American Indians were before our health influences ruined the Indians and the Hawaiians?

DR. ARNE L. SUOMINEN

Summerville,
South Carolina.

NOTE ON CIVIL LIBERTY

SIR: In a debate on Town Hall of the Air, between the editor of the MERCURY and Mr. Roger Baldwin, head of the American Civil Liberties Union, the latter championed all-out free speech even in time of war for fascists — and especially communists. Yet there are occasions when even Mr. Baldwin is willing to suppress free speech and a lot worse. Proof? Here is a passage from an article which he wrote for *Soviet Russia Today* in September, 1934:

"The class struggle is the central conflict of the world; all others are incidental. When that power of the working class is once achieved, as it has been only in the Soviet Union, I am for maintaining it by any means whatever."

In other words, all-out civil liberty for the communists until they win — then a muzzle on all of us!

GEORGE R. S. KURL

Washington, D. C.

WHITE GOVERNMENT

SIR: Governor Talmadge's explanation of why he considers himself better than a Negro is the most bigoted, un-American statement I have ever seen in print. I cannot understand how any man who has lived in the America of Jefferson and Lincoln can find it in his heart to assume such a position.

ANTHONY KOPECK

Chicago,
Illinois.

THE CONTRIBUTORS

MILES ATKINSON, M.D., is a practicing physician who came to America about five years ago after a distinguished career in England. He is now surgeon to the Out-Patients' Department of Otolaryngology of New York Hospital.

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN, whose articles are familiar to MERCURY readers, lived in Japan for three years as *Christian Science Monitor* correspondent.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN, one of America's best-known poets, lives in his native Brunswick, Maine, when he is not teaching or lecturing. From his old house at 44 Harpswell Street has come a rich flow of verse, biography and essays which have been published by numerous periodicals and in nearly a score of books.

MILLARD C. FAUGHT is an ecobomist and freelance writer. His study of a Cape Cod town, made on a fellowship of the Social Science Research Council, will be published soon as *The Problems of a Resort Community*.

HANS HABE is the author of the best-selling *A Thousand Shall Fall*. Hungarian by birth, he worked as a journalist in all parts of Europe, fought as a volunteer in the French Army until the collapse, and now resides in the United States.

WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE is the author of "The South Kills Another Negro," a MERCURY article which attracted wide attention. His first novel, *Mud on the Stars*, is scheduled for early publication. He has been a newspaperman and publisher in his native Alabama.

VALERIU MARCU, author of biographies of Lenin and Machiavelli, is at work on the life

story of Homer Lea. One of the foremost political writers of Europe, he is now in America.

MAY KENNEDY McCORD is a native of the Ozark Hills, and for the last twenty years a resident of Springfield, Missouri, where she writes a column for local newspapers. She is a noted authority on Ozark folklore and music.

MAJOR ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY's long-awaited book, *Victory Through Air Power*, will be published this month. It will include many ideas first published in these pages.

JESSE STUART is one of the most truly American of our native writers. His long poem in this issue expresses the deep feeling he has for his native Riverton, Kentucky, where he lives and works.

JOHN TEBBEL, co-author of "Detroit — City for Victory," is managing editor of the MERCURY. He worked in the Michigan metropolis for nearly two years as a Detroit *Free Press* staff writer. Recently, he was named an assistant at the Pulitzer Graduate School of Journalism, Columbia University.

EDWARD JEROME VOGELER is a veteran newspaper reporter who has specialized on the esthetics of "cock fights, snake fights, bull fights, prize fights, bundling, crap shooting and a number of other subjects," to use his own words. His articles on these themes have appeared in national magazines.

JACK WEEKS is a veteran member of the Detroit *Free Press* reportorial staff. At present, he functions also as aviation editor. He is a past president and an original organizer of the Detroit Newspaper Guild.

THE CHECK LIST

(Continued from page 502)

cope of television" for the lay reader, this volume by the celebrated electrical experimenter leaves nothing to be desired. It should be clear and exciting reading to any intelligent person whose knowledge of physics is no more than what is taught in grammar school. Of special general interest are Dr. de Forest's chapters on "Television for Amateurs" and "Television's Future and its Influence Upon Society." There are many illustrations and diagrams.

HERNÁN CORTÉS. Conqueror of Mexico, by Salvador de Madariaga. \$4.00. *Macmillan.* This is perhaps the best and most authoritative study of the obscure, penniless lad, who, against staggering obstacles, achieved a conquest at least the equal of any Julius Caesar made. Yet in his own eyes and in the eyes of his contemporaries he was a failure. For a long time, indeed, after his conquest of Mexico he was unemployed and he thought it an exceptional day if someone of importance spoke kindly to him on the street. Great in his achievement, he "was greater still in that his tragic life is a fit symbol of the tragedy of man on earth."

FROM THE LAND OF SILENT PEOPLE, by Robert St. John. \$3.00. *Doubleday, Doran.* An eye-witness report of the campaigns in Yugoslavia, Greece, and Crete, by a man who, both as a manipulator of the English language and as a person, is clearly superior to most other foreign correspondents, including the oracles of the radio and the lecture platforms. The world to him is a world of men and women, not of devils and angels. There is not a trace of the senile Boy Scout in him.

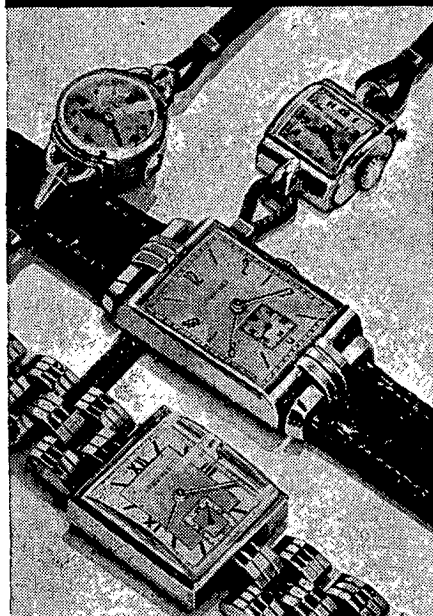
THE BALANCE SHEET OF THE FUTURE, by Ernest Bevin. \$2.75. *McBride.* A "coordination" of various speeches by the Minister of Labor and National Defense in British War Cabinet. The author emerges from them as one of the most truly realistic and effective labor statesmen of our time.

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Longines Watches have won 10 world's fair grand prizes, 28 gold medals



Illustrated: Longines Trinidad (top left) \$93.50; World's Fair LA (top right) \$67.50; World's Fair strap (center) \$67.50; Hall of Fame man's bracelet \$82.50

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RECOMMENDED ALBUMS — Toscanini celebrates his 75th birthday with a magnificent recording of the Brahms first (Victor, M-875, \$5.50). It's even better than his very recent release of the "Rhine Journey" and "Funeral" music from *Die Götterdämmerung* (Victor, M-853, \$5.50). Ranking for top place this month is Rudolf Serkin's version of the Beethoven "Emperor" concerto, with Bruno Walter and the New York Philharmonic; a thoroughly satisfying job from any standpoint (Columbia, M-500, \$5.78). For Stokowski fans, there are three performances extant, all Grade-A: the All-American Youth Orchestra in the Bach Passacaglia and Fugue in C minor (Columbia, X-216, \$2.63) and a new interpretation of Schubert's "Unfinished" (Columbia, M-485, \$3.68); and the Philadelphia Orchestra in a first recording of Shostakovich's Symphony No. 6 (Victor, M-867, \$5.00).

RECOMMENDED SINGLES — Outstanding singles are still not numerous. Among the best of the current crop: two discs by Stokowski and the NBC Symphony, one of them containing three excerpts from Prokofiev's "Love For Three Oranges" and the other a transcribed Bach "Arioso" (Victor, 18497 and 18498, \$1.00 each); a fine transcription by Charles O'Connell of Franck's "Pièce Héroïque," played by the San Francisco Symphony under Monteux (Victor, 18485, \$1.00); Rise Stevens singing two arias from "The Marriage of Figaro" (Columbia, 17298-D, \$.79) and Bidu Sayao warbling the Puccini twins, "Un Bel Di," from *Butterfly* and "Mi Chiamano Mimi," from *La Bohème* (Columbia, 17294-D, \$.79).

POPULAR RECORDS — Still the most satisfying set to come along for weeks is Victor's album of Paul Whiteman tunes. The old melodies and the almost-forgotten arrangements are good to hear again and jazz connoisseurs will enjoy the solo work of the great artists who played with Whiteman, particularly the Beiderbecke cornet choruses.

— JOHN TEBBEL



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